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ZIP COMICS

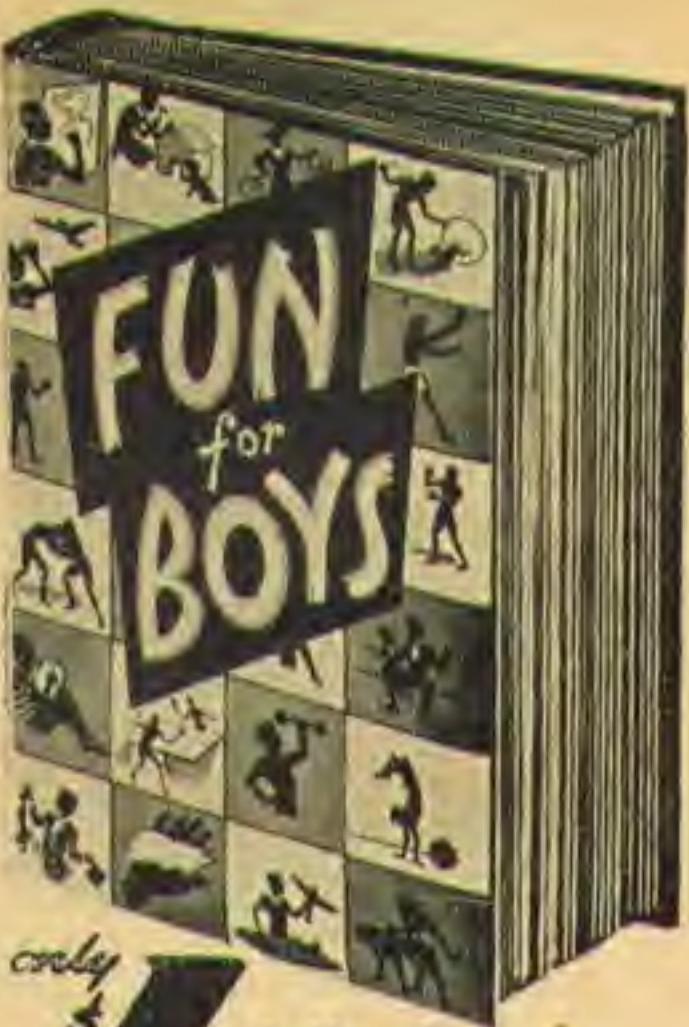
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STEEL STERLING

and
The GRUESOME
TWOSOME!

TROUBLE'S WHERE YOU FIND IT! IN THIS YARN STEEL STERLING AND SERGEANT CLANCY DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK VERY HARD FOR IT; IF FACT THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK FOR IT AT ALL! THEY JUST ASKED FOR TROUBLE --- AND UP POPPED THE GRUESOME TWOSOME!



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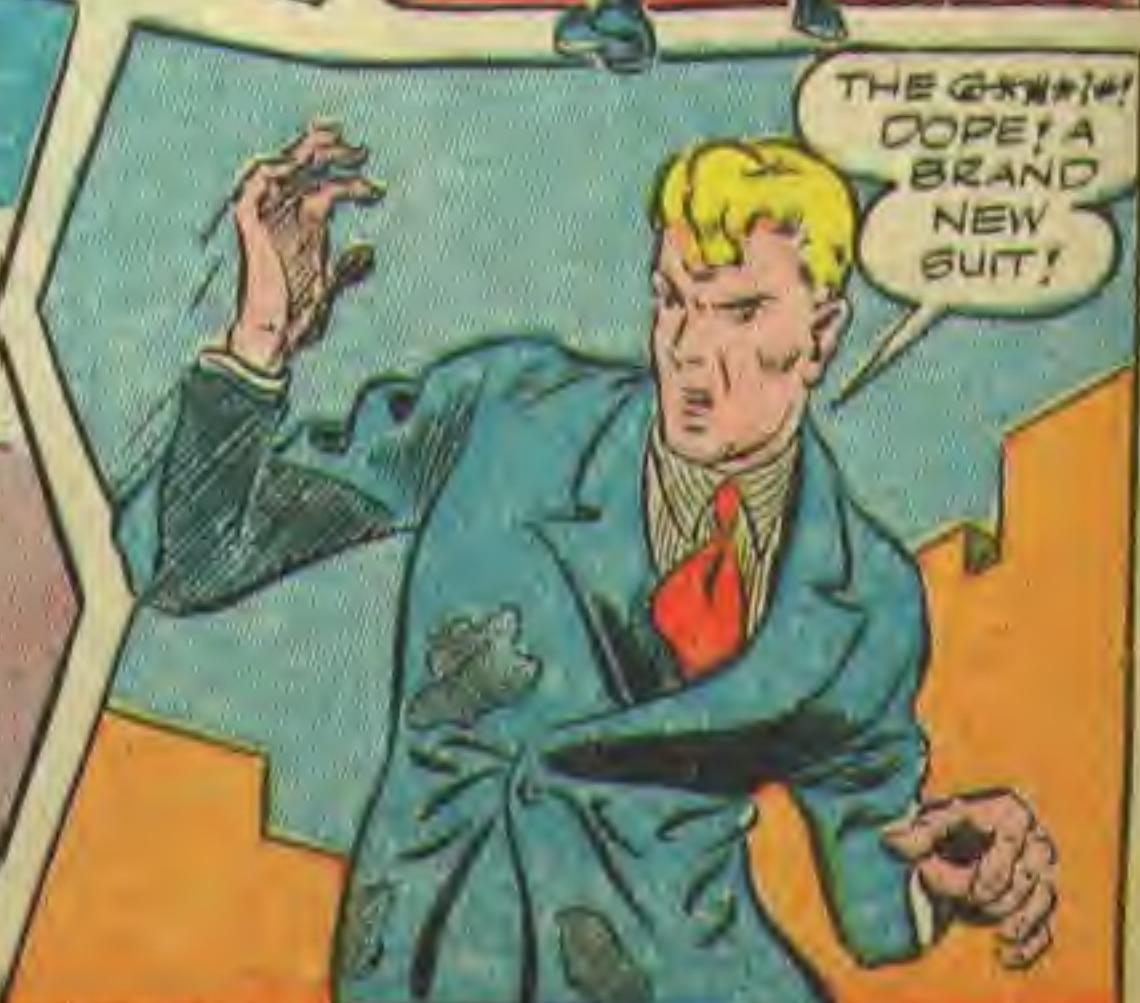
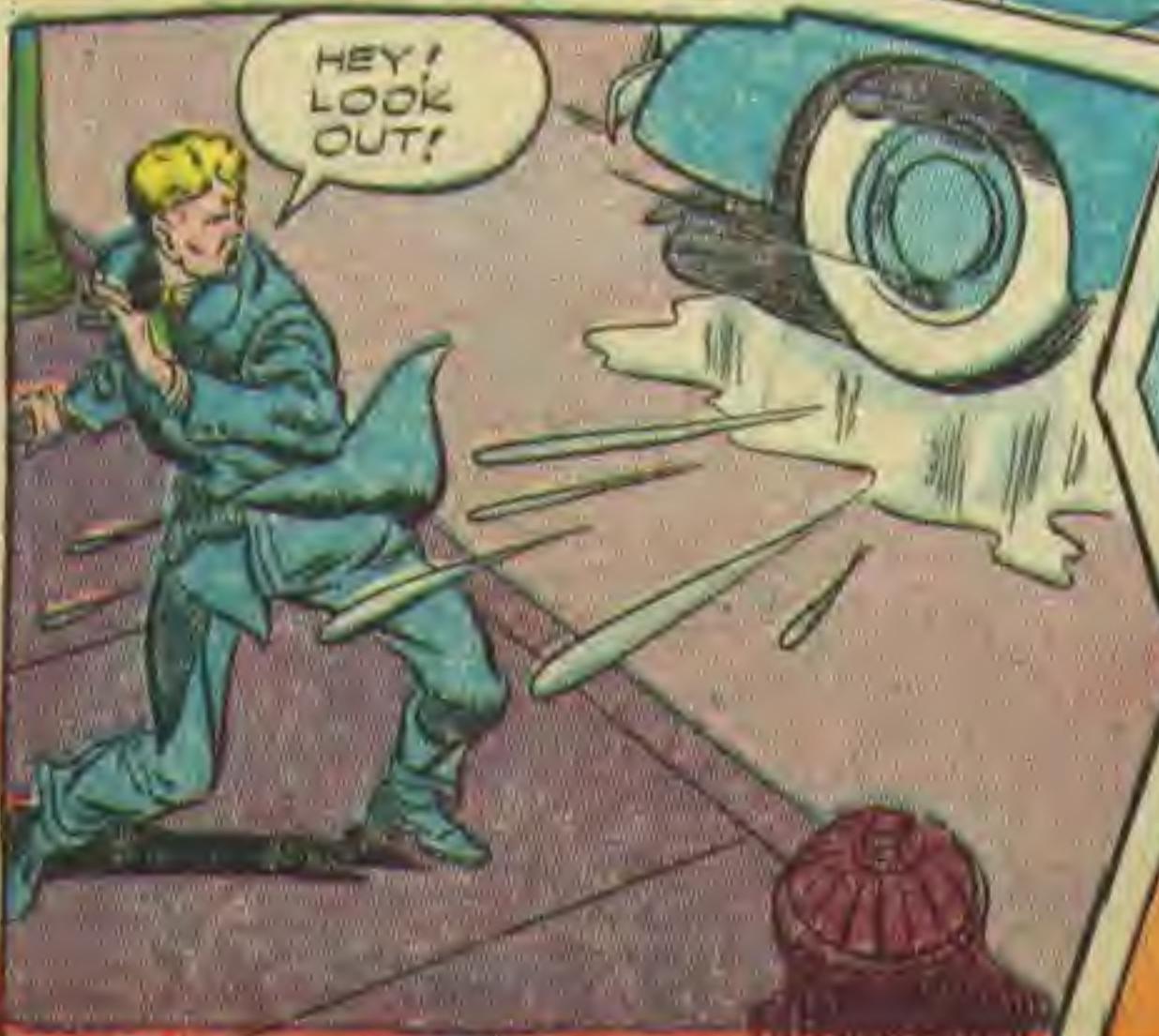
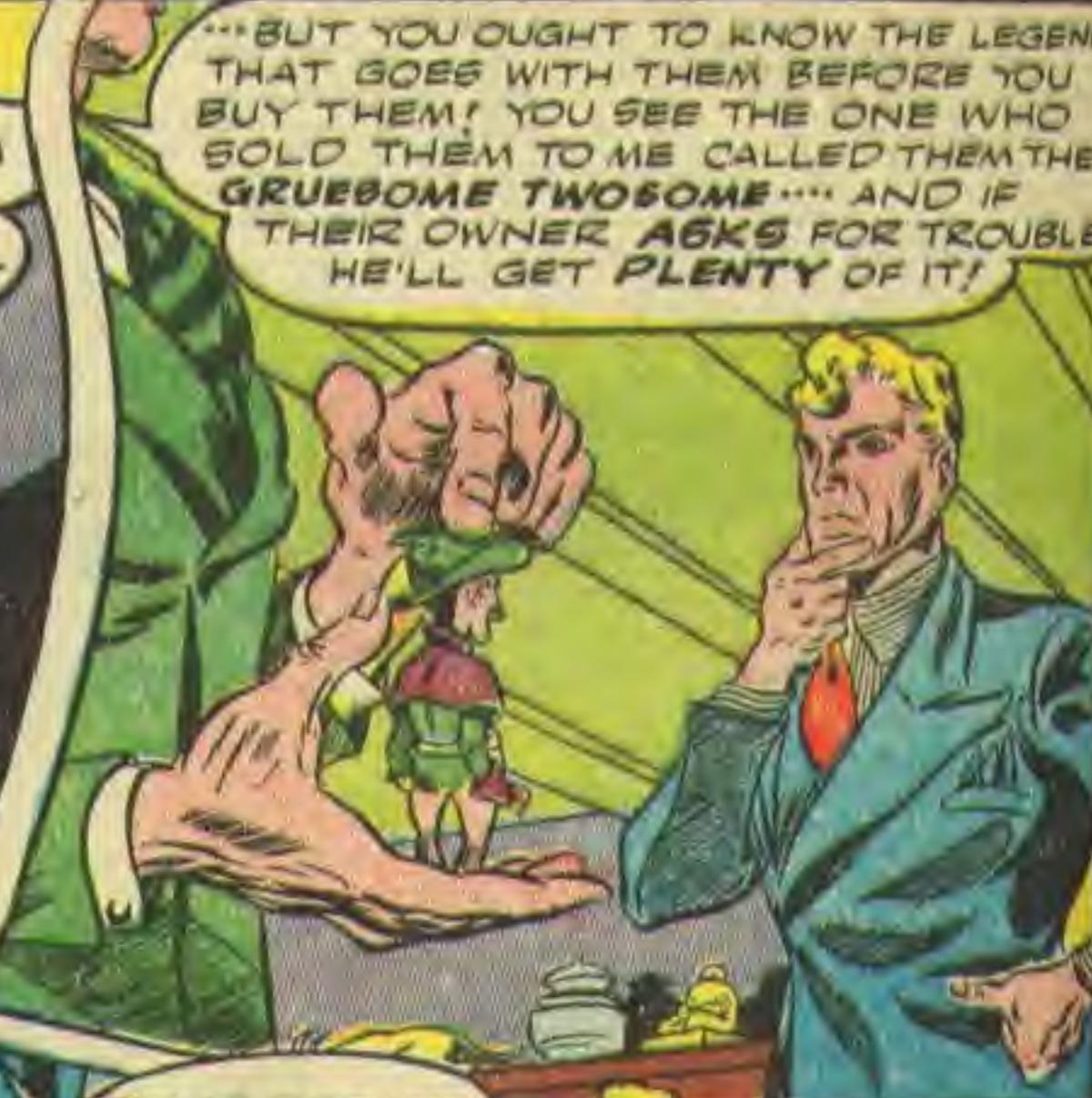
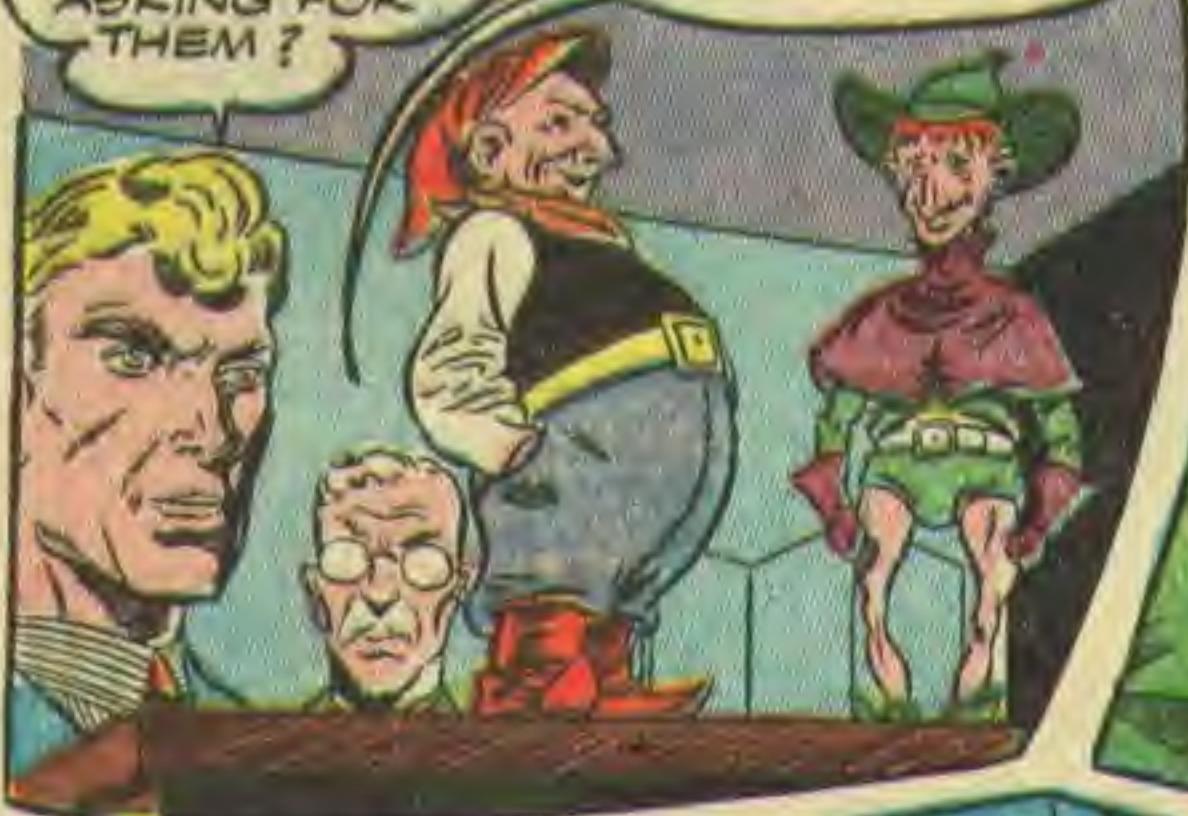
IRV NOVICK

**OUR OPENING SCENE FINDS STEEL
STERLING IN A CURIO SHOP ----**

THAT'S AN AMUSING
LOOKING PAIR OF
FIGURINES! HOW
MUCH ARE YOU
ASKING FOR
THEM?

OH, I'LL SELL THEM
TO YOU REASON -
ABLY ENOUGH,
MR. STERLING ---

...BUT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE LEGEND
THAT GOES WITH THEM BEFORE YOU
BUY THEM! YOU SEE THE ONE WHO
SOLD THEM TO ME CALLED THEM THE
GRUEBOME TWOSOME.... AND IF
THEIR OWNER ASKS FOR TROUBLE
HE'LL GET PLENTY OF IT!





HMM--I SEEM TO BE GETTING MORE THAN MY FAIR SHARE OF TROUBLE SINCE I ASKED FOR IT! I WONDER--AH! I'M GETTING SOFT IN THE HEAD!

JACK AT THE APARTMENT STEEL STILL WONDERS---

AND YET IT CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE!

JUST THEN CLANCY ENTERS---

KIN YA BEAT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY!

WHAT'S EATING YOU, CLANCY?

I POUNDED A BEAT FOR 20 YEARS AND SOLVE 50% OF THE CRIME CASES IN TOWN AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE CAPTAIN CLARK PROMOTES TO DESK SERGEANT? THAT DUMB CLUCK SERGEANT MULLIGAN!

I GOT A GOOD MIND TO GO DOWN AND TELL CAPTAIN CLARK WHERE TO GET OFF!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T GO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

TROUBLE? WHO'S AFRAID OF TROUBLE? I EAT TROUBLE!

OH, OH! THAT SOUNDS VAGUELY FAMILIAR!

UNNOTICED BY STEEL AND CLANCY THE GRUESOME TWOSOME GO INTO CONFERENCE--

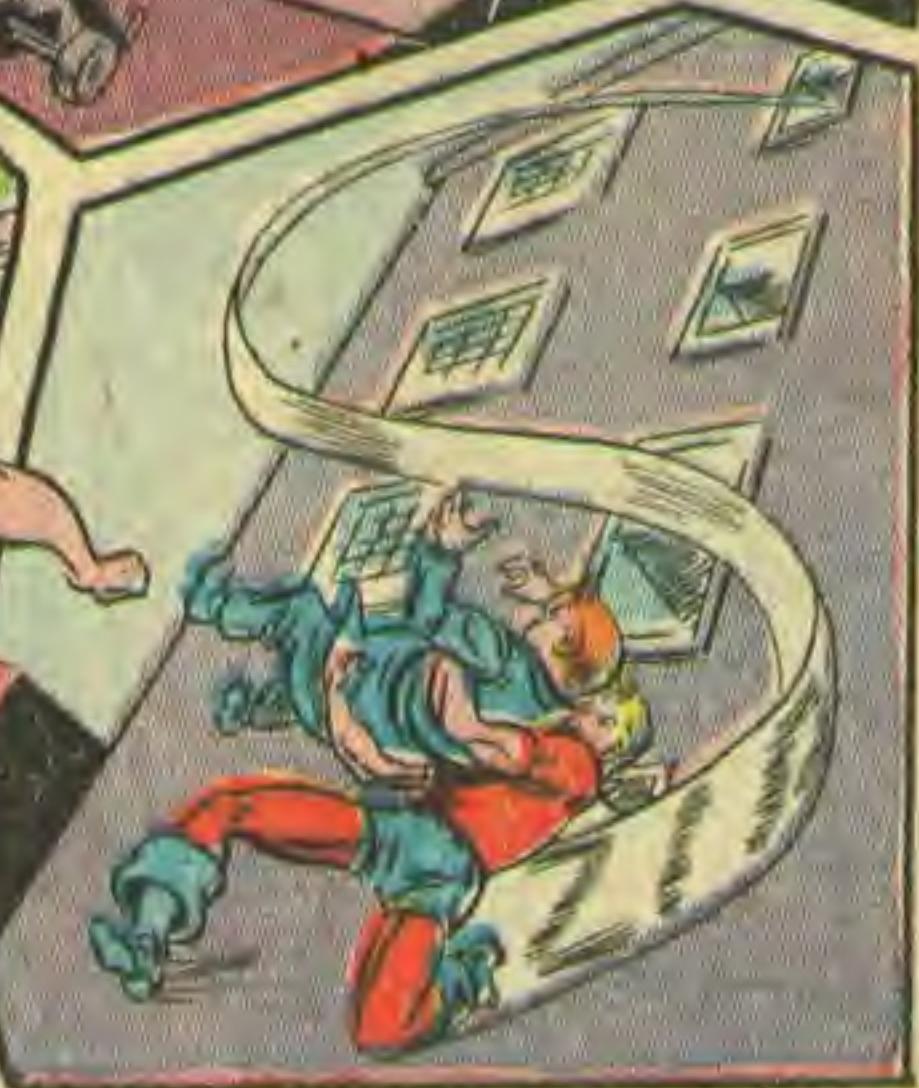
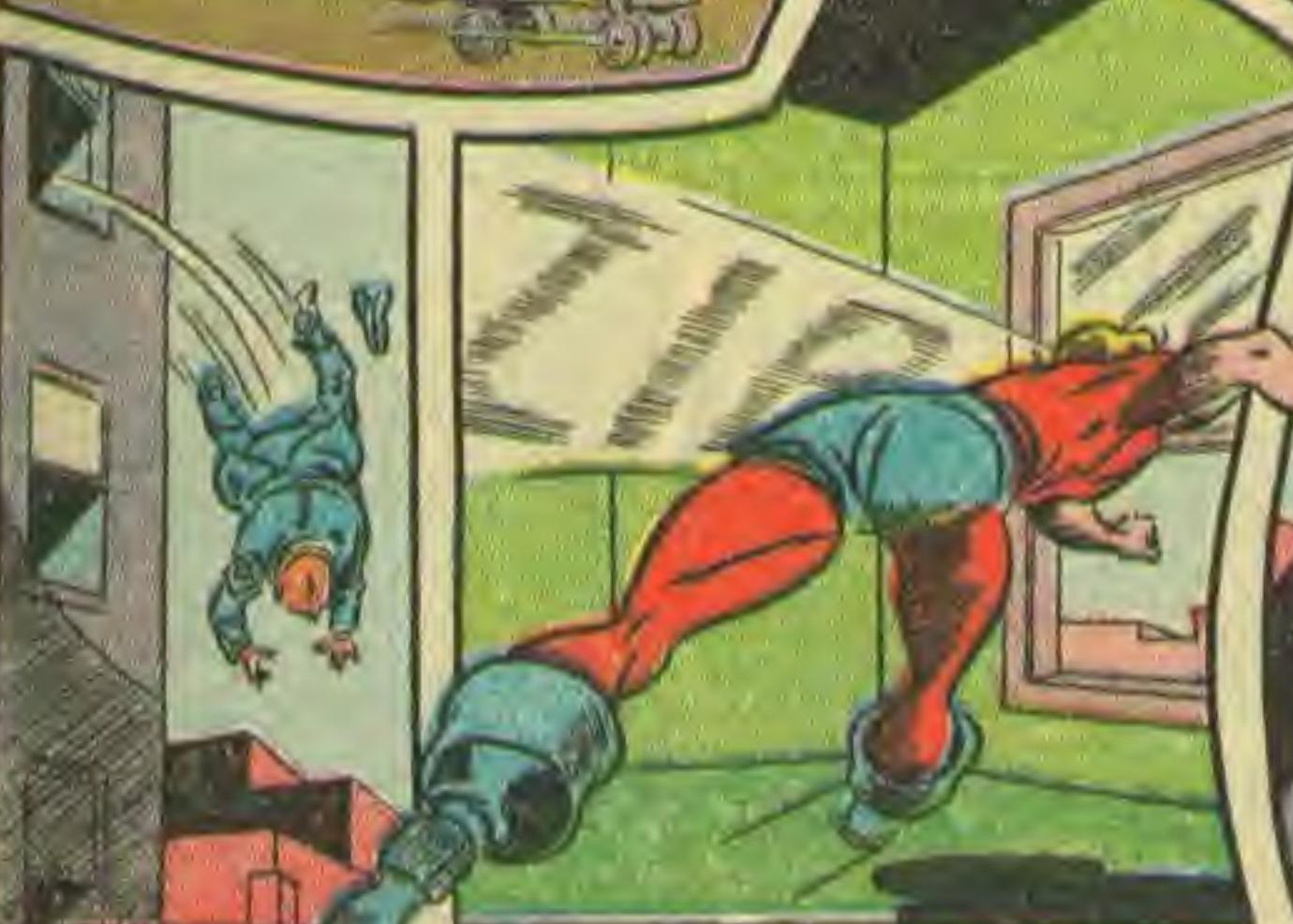
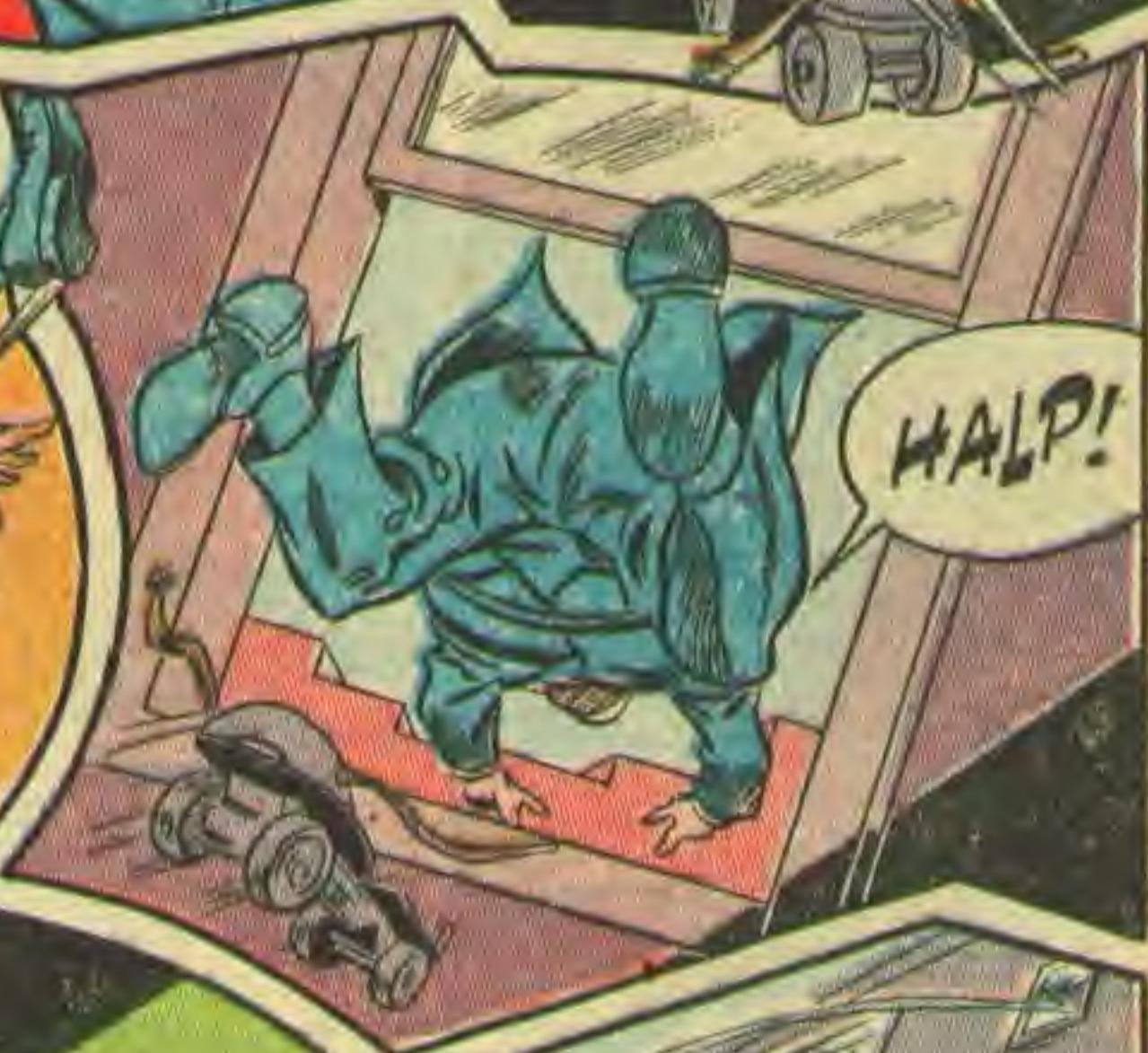
DIDJA HEAR THE GUY GRUESOME? HE EATS TROUBLE, HE SAYS!

YEAH--I THINK HE'S IN FOR A GOOD MEAL!

THE TWO SOME OLIMB
SILENTLY FROM THE TABLE
INTO CLANCY'S POCKET--

LISTEN! WHY DON'T
YOU GO DOWN AND
POUND YOUR BEAT FOR
A WHILE AND THINK
IT OVER BEFORE
YOU DO ANY-
THING RASH!

ABSORBED WITH HIS
THOUGHTS CLANCY FAILS
TO NOTICE A SKATE LEFT BY
A CHILD IN THE CORRIDOR!



GOLLY, WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU
CAME ALONG--OTHER-
WISE I WOULD'VE
BEEN A DEAD
PIGEON--SURE!

WHEW! THAT
WAS CLOSE,
ALL RIGHT!

IT WAS JUST SOME
KID'S SKATE
THAT TRIPPED
YOU UP!

WELL, THANKS, PAL! I'LL
DO LIKE YOU SAID,
AND POUND MY BEAT
'TIL I COOL
OFF!

HIYA,
BACHIGALUPI,
HOW'RE
YER APPLES
TO DAY?

WHY YOU
BOther
TO ASK?

GOOD OR BAD
YOU EAT-A-THEM
AS LONG AS
THEY FOR-A-
FREE!

CRUNCH!

A WORM!

IT'S A PLOT,
THAT'S WHAT
IT IS! NOTHIN'
BUT TROUBLE
ALL DAY
LONG!

HAW!
HAW!

AW SHUT
UP! HEY! IS THAT
A CAR PARKED
NEAR A PUMP?
WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT!

WHAT'S
A MATTER? IF
THAT PUMP
HAD TEETH
IT'D BITE
YA!



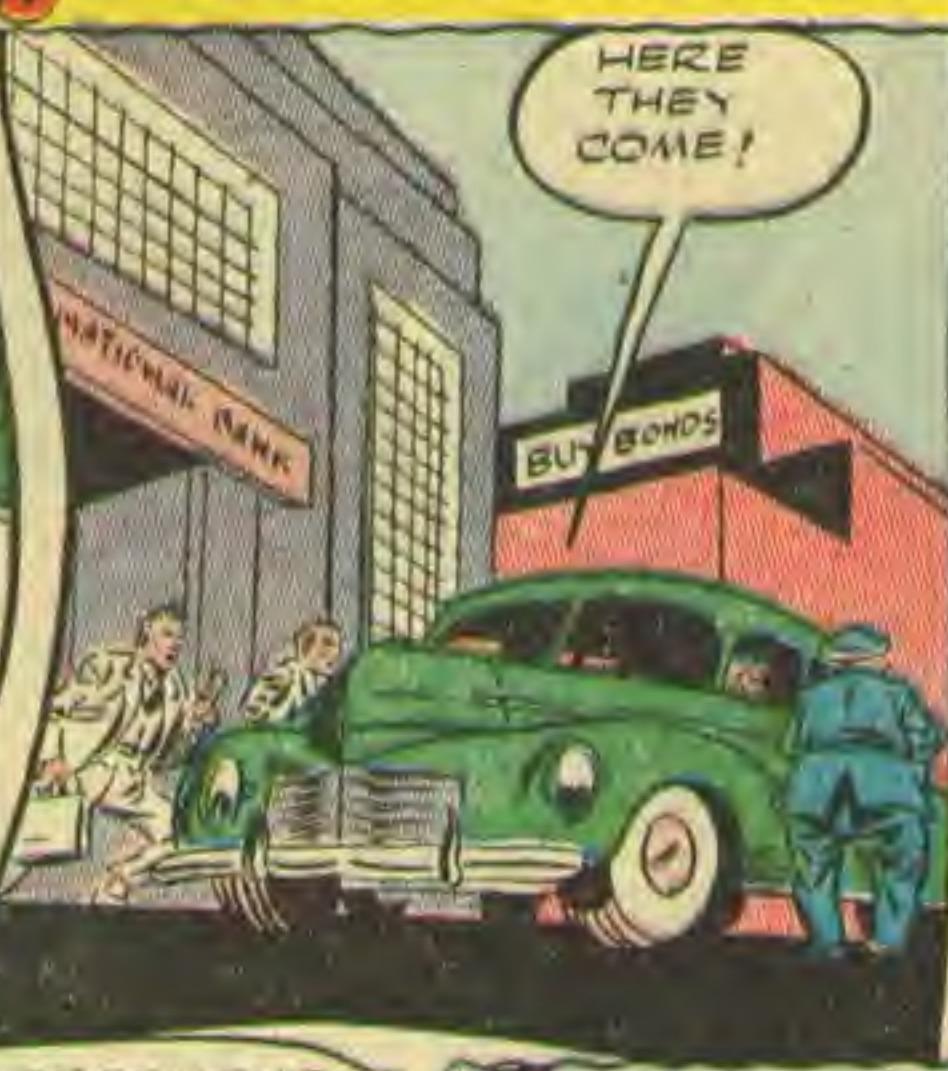
WHAT'LL WE DO IF HE'S STILL HERE WHEN THE BOYS COME BACK?

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM ALONG AND DUMP HIM SOMEWHERE!

JUST THEN THE "BOYS" RETURN--

HERE THEY COME!

DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE, COPPER, AND HOP INTO THE BACK SEAT, QUICK! CAUSE THIS TRIGGER'S ITCHIN' MY FINGER!



I KNOW WHAT THIS IS -- A BANK HOLDUP!

HOW OBSEIVENT OUR POLICE ARE -- O.K., GET GOIN' RAT-FACE, AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE --



DAT, CLANCY! WHAT A RACKET HE HAS--HE NO FEEL LIKE WORK HE GO FOR A RIDE! I GOTTA RUN STAND SO HE CAN SWIPE MY NICE APPLES!

MEANWHILE LET'S TURN BACK TO STEEL --

HEY--WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE FIGURINES? I LEFT THEM RIGHT ON THIS TABLE, HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE-- AS SOON AS CLANCY ASKED FOR TROUBLE, HE GOT IT! MAYBE, I AM SCREWY BUT I'VE A HUNCH THAT THE GRUESOME TWOSOME ARE KEEPING HIM COMPANY!

ANY WAY, THERE'S NO HARM IN CHECKING!

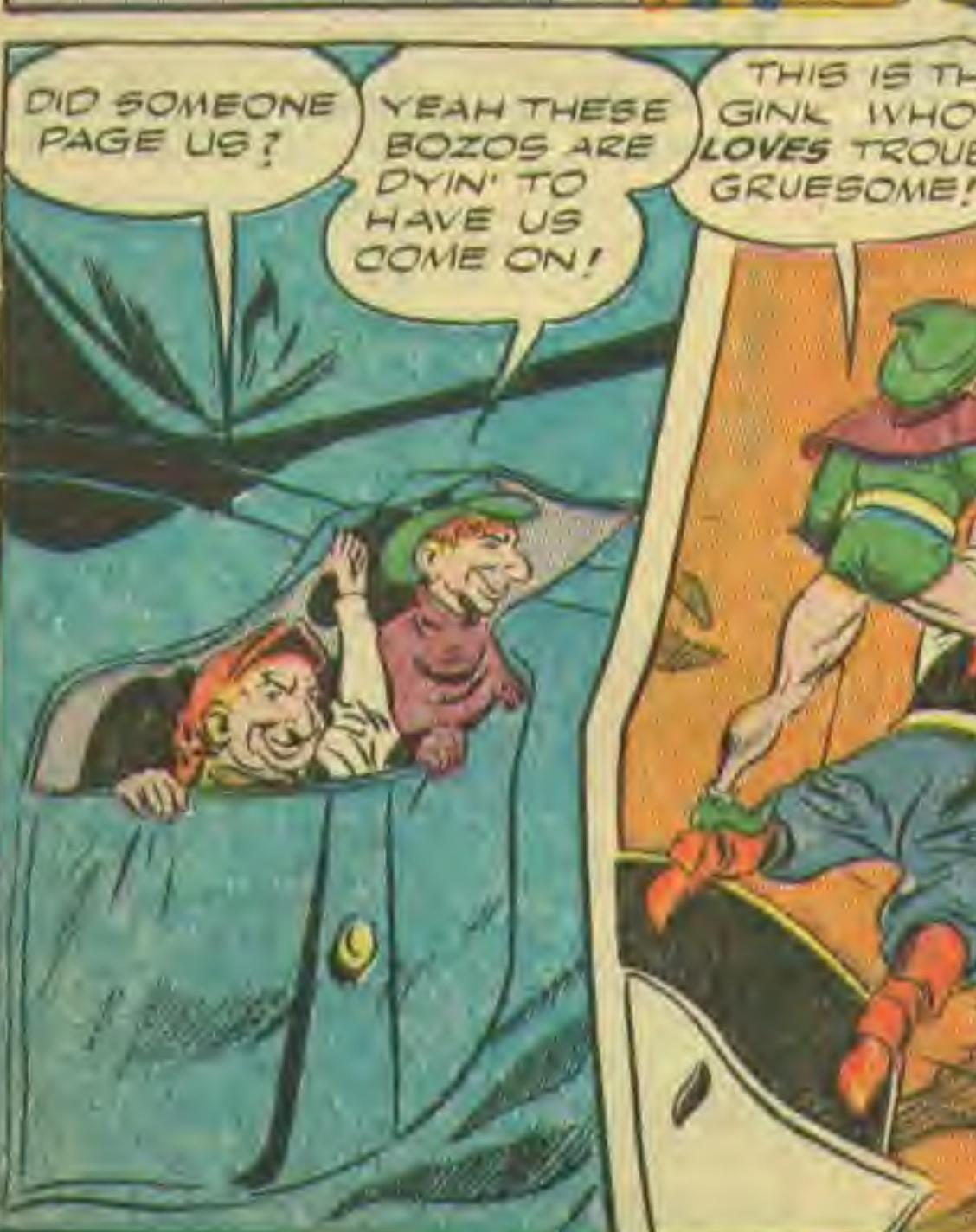


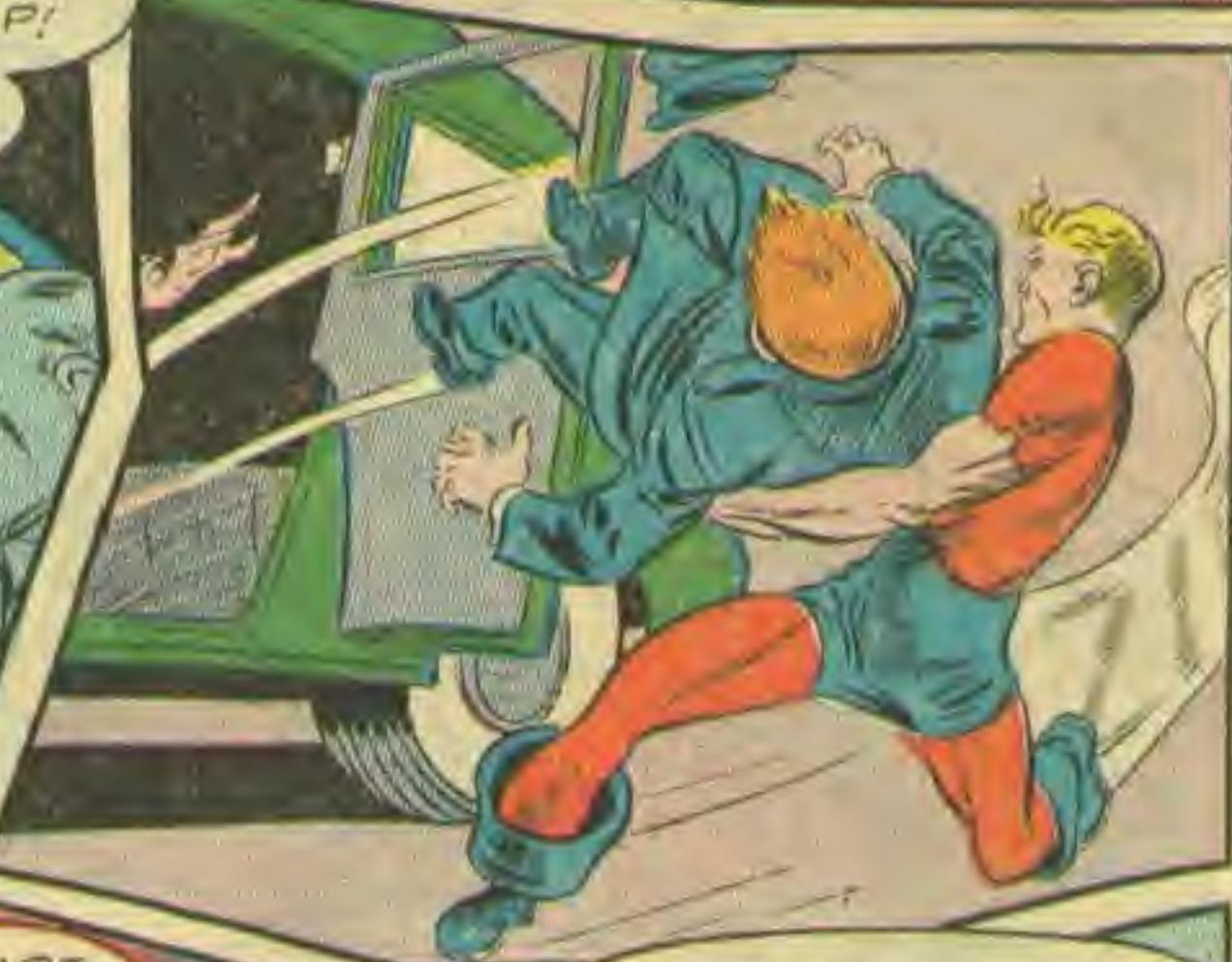
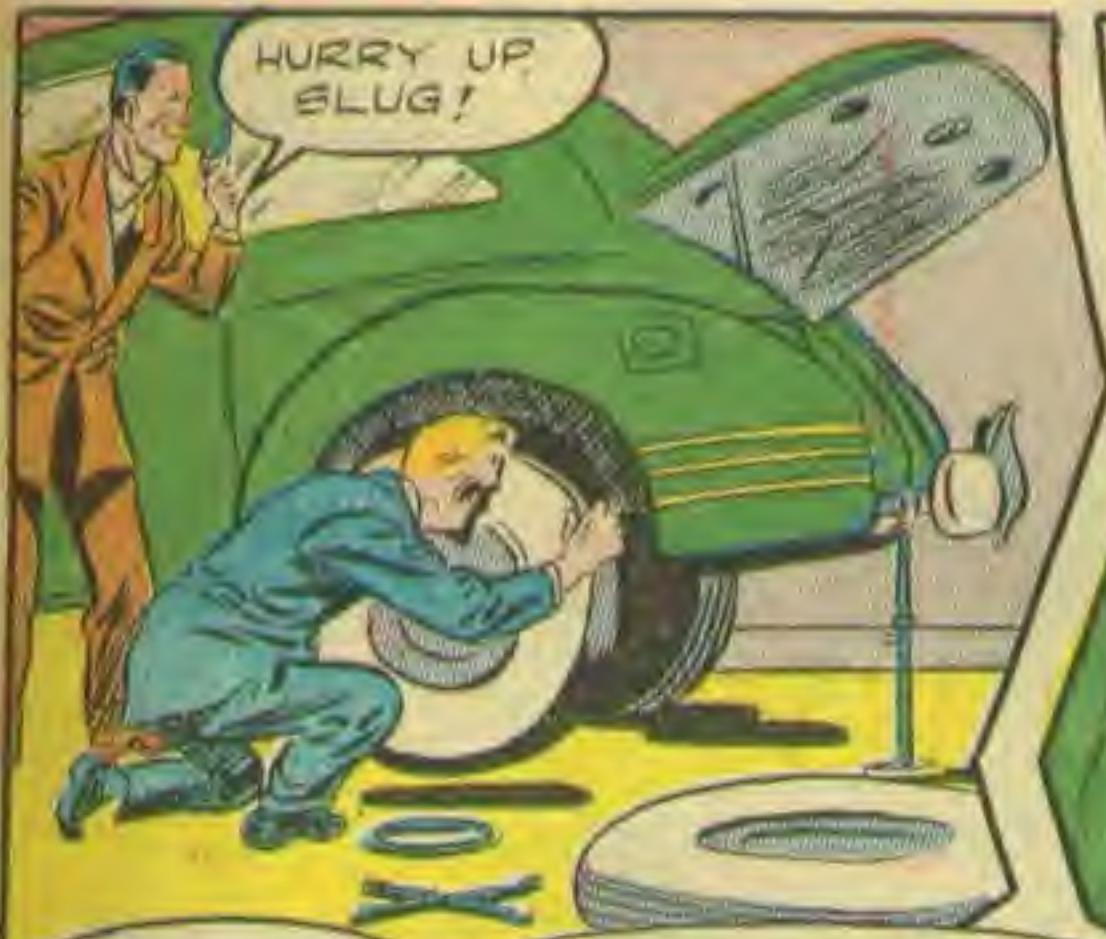
HEY, BACHIGALUPI! SEEN CLANCY AROUND?

S---I'M A-SORRY TO SAY!

HE'S---GO IN-A CAR FOR A RIDE THAT-A WAY WEETH SOME-A FRIENDS JUST-A NOW!

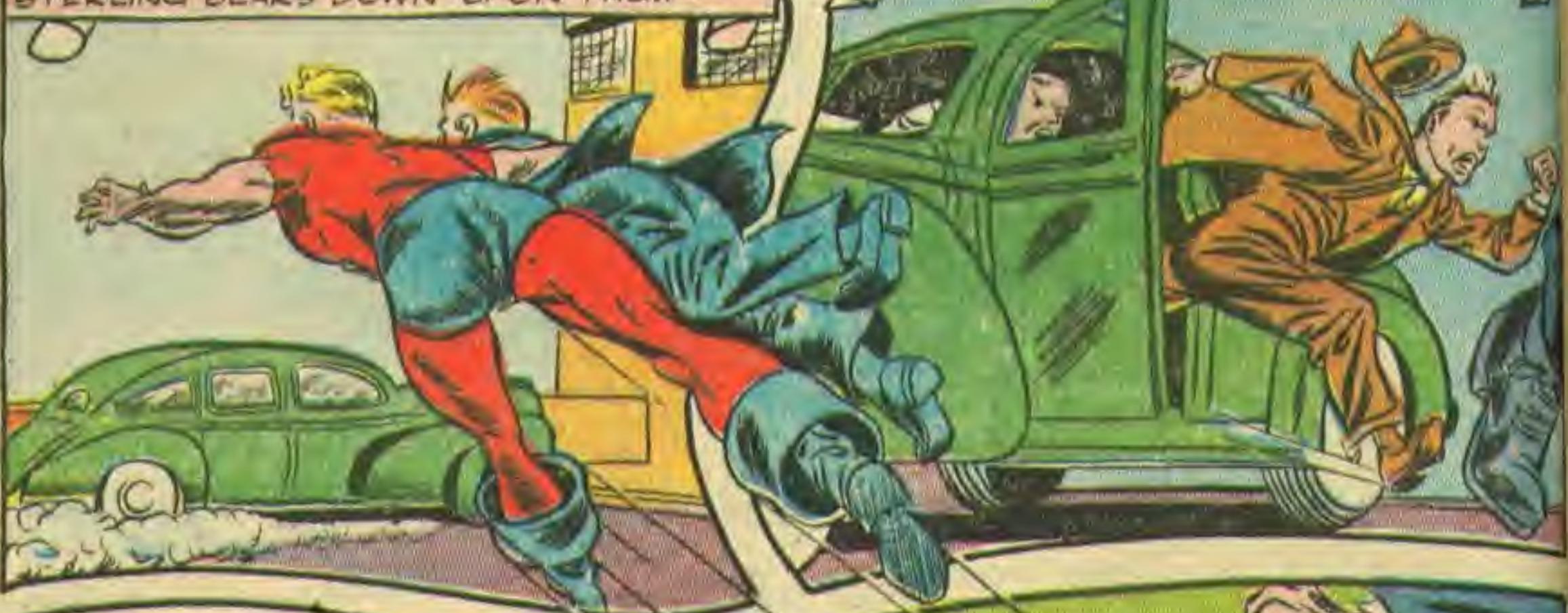
WENT FOR A CAR-RIDE WHILE ON DUTY? CLANCY WOULDNT DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT WILLINGLY!





THE THUGS STRIVE IN VAIN TO TURN THEIR CAR ABOUT IN THE NARROW STREET AS STERLING BEARS DOWN UPON THEM-----

AS A LAST RESORT THEY POUR OUT OF THE CAR IN AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE-



TROUBLE! ARE YOU KIDDIN', CLANCY? NOW TELL ME WHO'S GONNA GET ME INTO TROUBLE?

LISTEN TO HIM! HE ASKS WHO!

COME ON, LET'S SHOW HIM!

THE PIXIES TRANSFER THEMSELVES TO MULLIGAN'S POCKET--

LET'S HAVE THE GUYS NAMES-- AW NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PEN?

C'MON IN! THIS IS THE NICEST POCKET YET!

I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG HERE!

BLINKIN' BLANKETY BLANK! STOP LAUGHIN' CLANCY OR I'LL PUT YOU OUT IN THE STICKS!

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING MULLIGAN! HE ASKED FOR TROUBLE!

CHECK! AND HE'S GONNA GET IT-- BUT PLENTY!

AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU GUYS AND GALS! DON'T GO ASKING FOR TROUBLE -- OR THE GRUESOME TWOSOME WILL BE ONLY TOOGLAD TO OBLIGE!



Archie Talks!

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•ON THE AIR•



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Señor BANANA



... AND HIS GOOD FRIEND
STENCHO ODORA HAVE RECEIVED
REWARD MONEY FOR CAPTURING
THE COFFEE SMUGGLERS!!

by
SANKEY
GEMMIS
LONDON



SO AM I
ALSO TOO!



PSST! SEÑORS!
YOU WEECH TO
RIDE MAYBE?
FOR A SMALL
FEE, IT COULD
BE ARRANGED
NO??



ALSO I HAV'
EXTRA FINE SPECIALS
IN SOOTS FOR YOU.
AMIGOS! SOOT
ZOOT'S!!



THE FOLDING BED
THAT YOU GEEEVE
WEETH THEES NUMBAH-
WHERE EES EET??

AH! SEÑOR,
YOU LOOK LIKE
THE BUM BRUMMEL!
SI-SI!

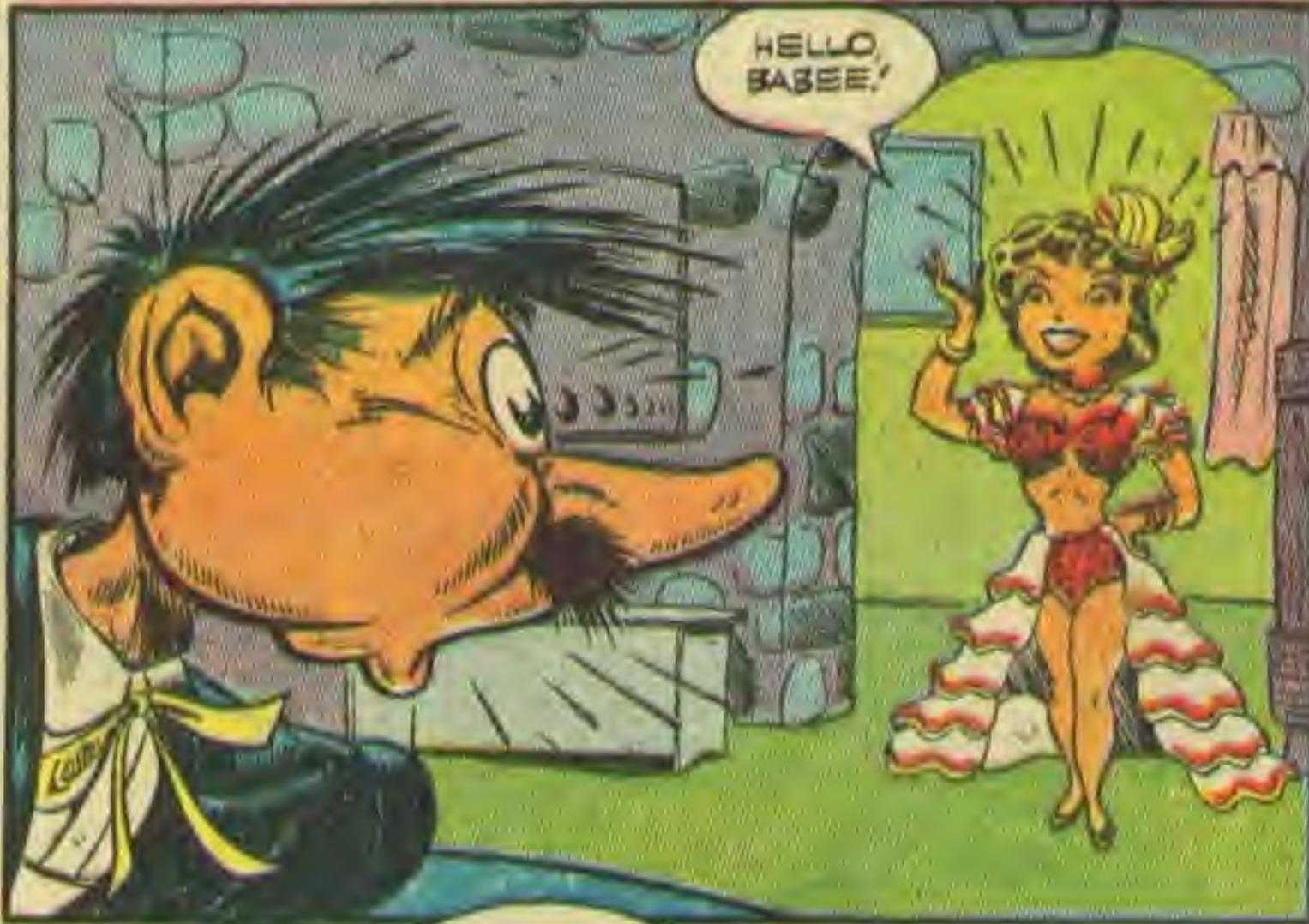
I WEEL BUY THIS FINE SOOT
ZOOT.. EEN FACT I WEEL
BUY ALL YOUR SOOT,
ZOOT'S!

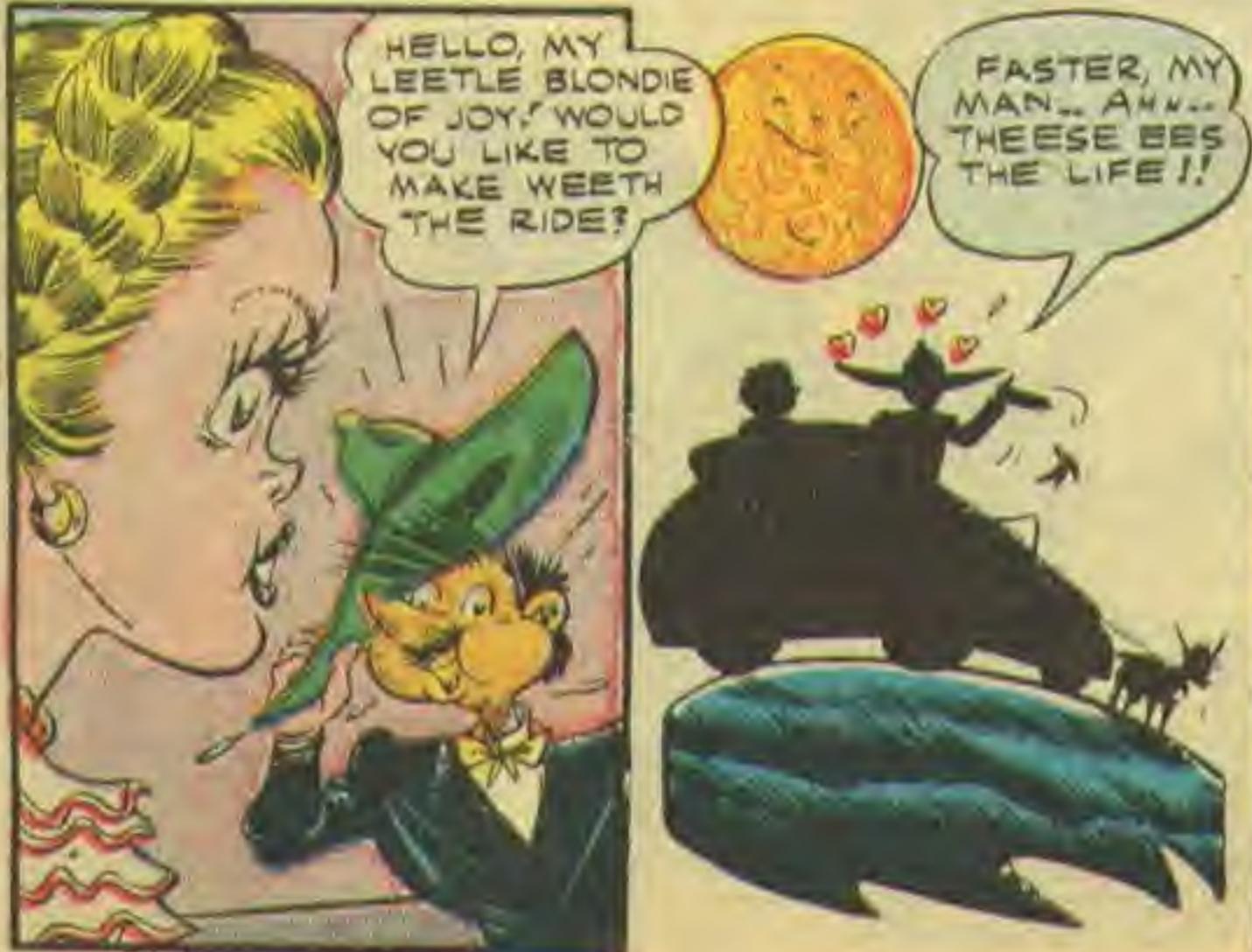
AND I
WEEL BUY
THE FIRST
CLASS
ANIMAL
AND CART!

SI SEÑOR!
YOU
CAN'T
GO
WRONG!









THEESE EES MY LAST
WARNING! NEX' TIME I
WEEL CUT OFF YOUR
NOSE!!

BAH--DO NOT LET
THE WEEN-BAG
FRIGHTEN YOU,
SEÑOR
BANANA!

THEESE
EES VER'
REFRESHING
NO ??

NO'
I MEAN
YES!

-SO I PICKED
UP THE TRUCK
AND THREW IT
AT THE
BANDEETS!

AHA! YOU DEED
NOT HEED MY
WARNING, YOU
LEETLE, SMALL
RUNT!

NOW, I
WEEL CUT
OFF YOUR
NOSE, AND
THROW EET
EEN YOUR
FACE!

YI-YI! MAMA
MIA! EET EES
THE EARTH
QUIAKE!

NO! EET EES
WORSE! EET
EES ...

MY
WIFE!





WHAT CHILDREN?



The Slap Happy APPLEJACKS

WHEN WE LAST LEFT
THE BOYS TWO GLARING
EYES PEERED AT THEM
FROM THE DARKNESS OF
A SPEEDING FREIGHT TRAIN!

GULP! GOSH! GOLLY!
WONDER WHO OR
WHUT THET KIN BE??

WHY IT'S
RUSTY DAN...

THE
POSTAL
MAN!

HI, BOYS! I
BEEN LOOKIN' FER
YOU... YORE PAW
SEZ FER YO' T'
COME HOME
FAST'N YO' KIN...

Snoopy
Snoopy
Snoopy
Snoopy

I GOT A NEW
BATCH O' APPLEJACK
MADE UP T' SELL,
BUT THEM SNOOPIN'
REV' MEN MIGHT
CATCH WISE!

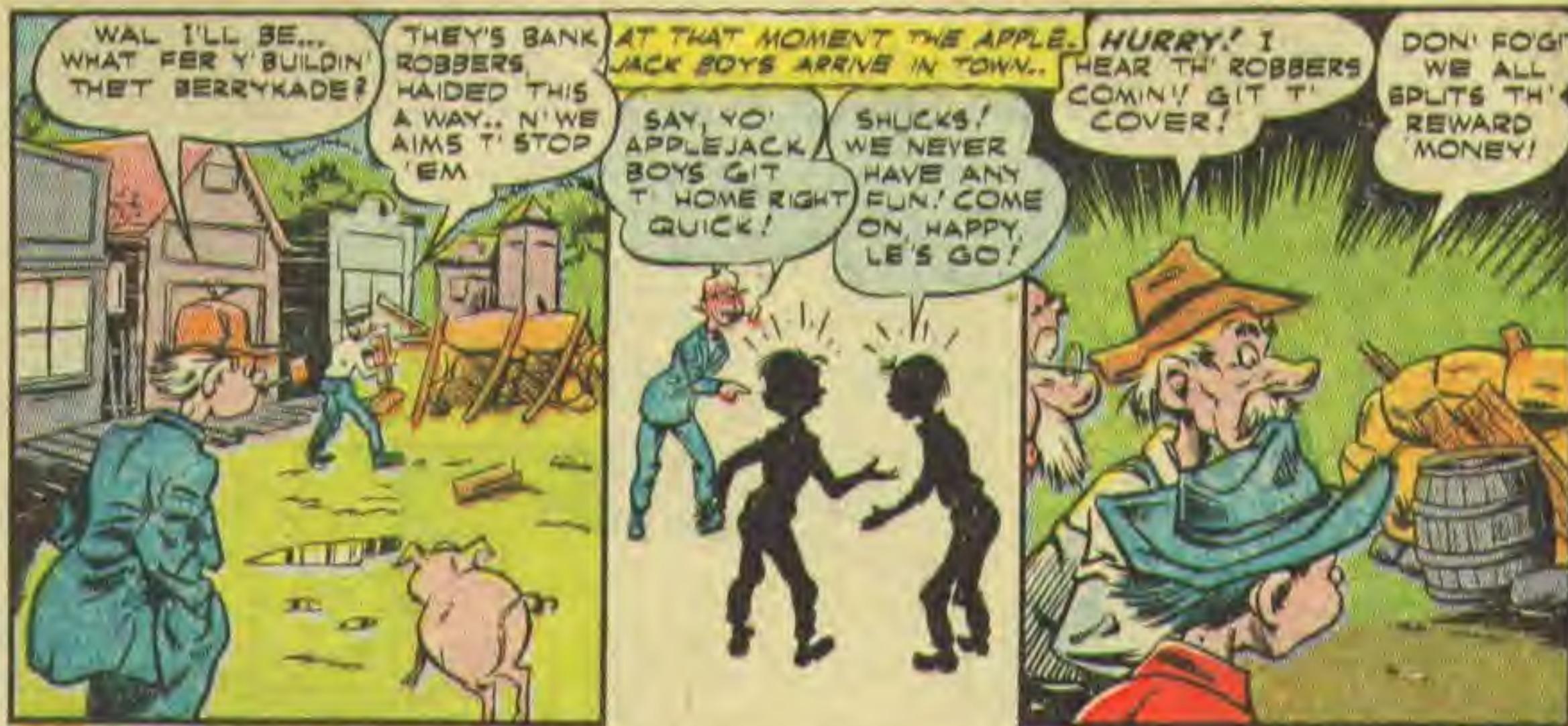
WHY NOT GIT
A PASSWORD,
LIKE "BEIN' OUT
O' GAS, KIN YO'
HELP ME?"

SAY... THAT'S A
HUMDINGER! WILL
YO' PASS THE
PASSWORD
AROUND?

BUT DON'T
TELL HAPPY
AN' SLAPPY...
JES' SEND 'EM
T' HOME!?

RIGHT,
PAPPY-- I'M
OUTA GAS!
YUK! YUK!
YUK!

APPLE
JACK

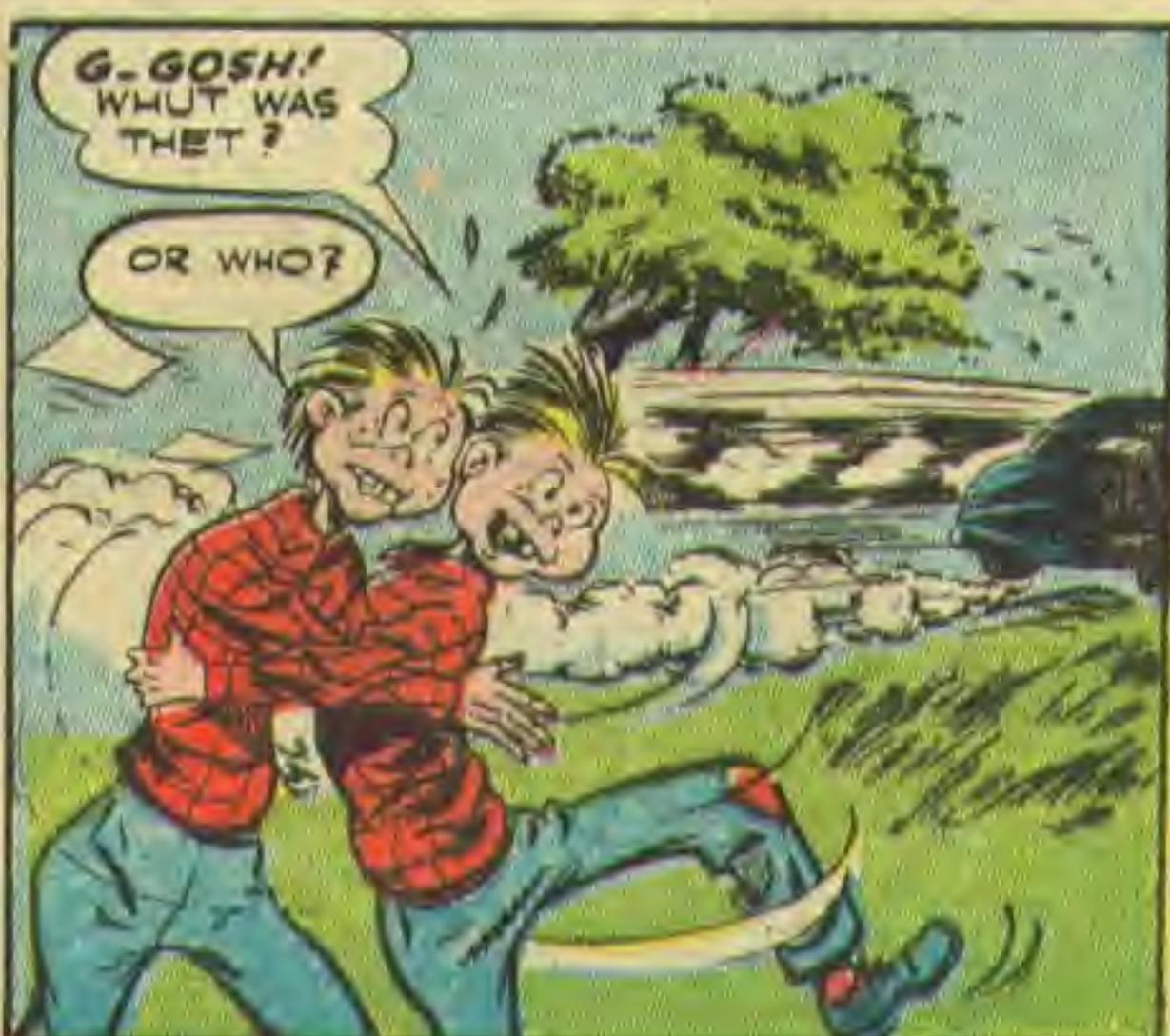
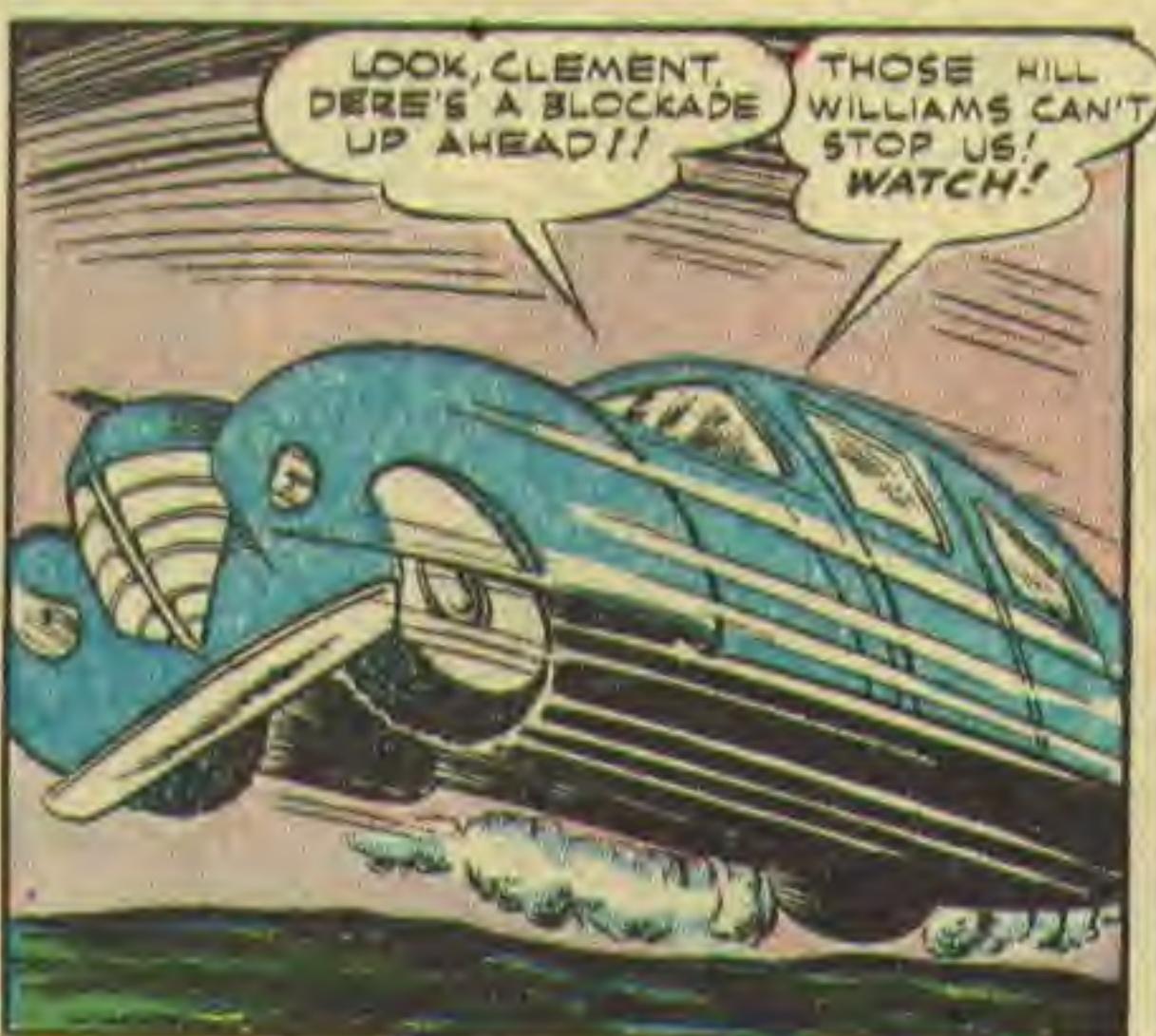


SAY, YO'
APPLEJACK
BOYS GIT
T HOME RIGHT
QUICK!

SHUCKS!
WE NEVER
HAVE ANY
FUN! COME
ON, HAPPY,
LE'S GO!

HURRY! I
HEAR TH' ROBBERS
COMIN'! GIT T'
COVER!

DON' FO'GIT
WE ALL
SPLITS TH'
REWARD
MONEY!



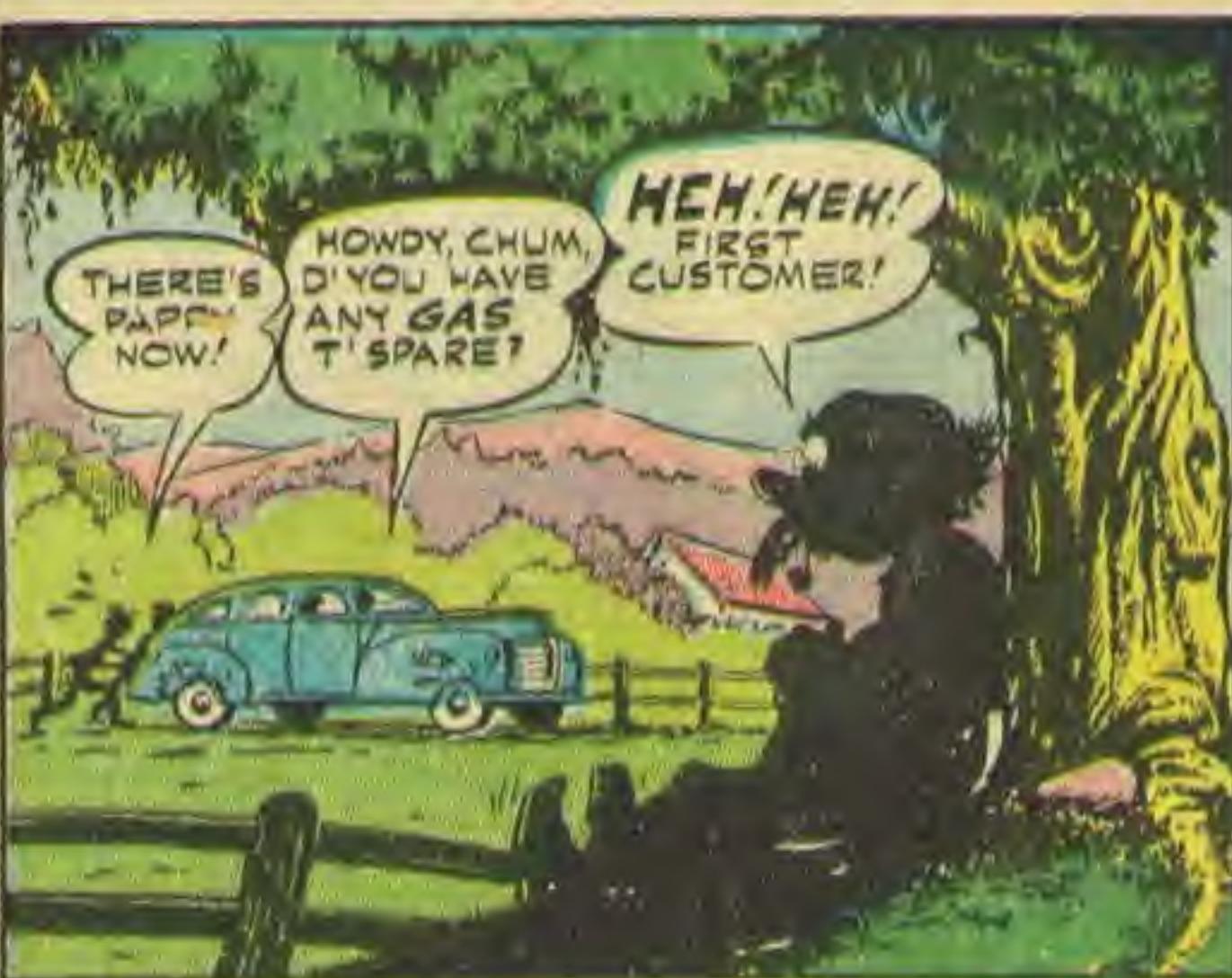
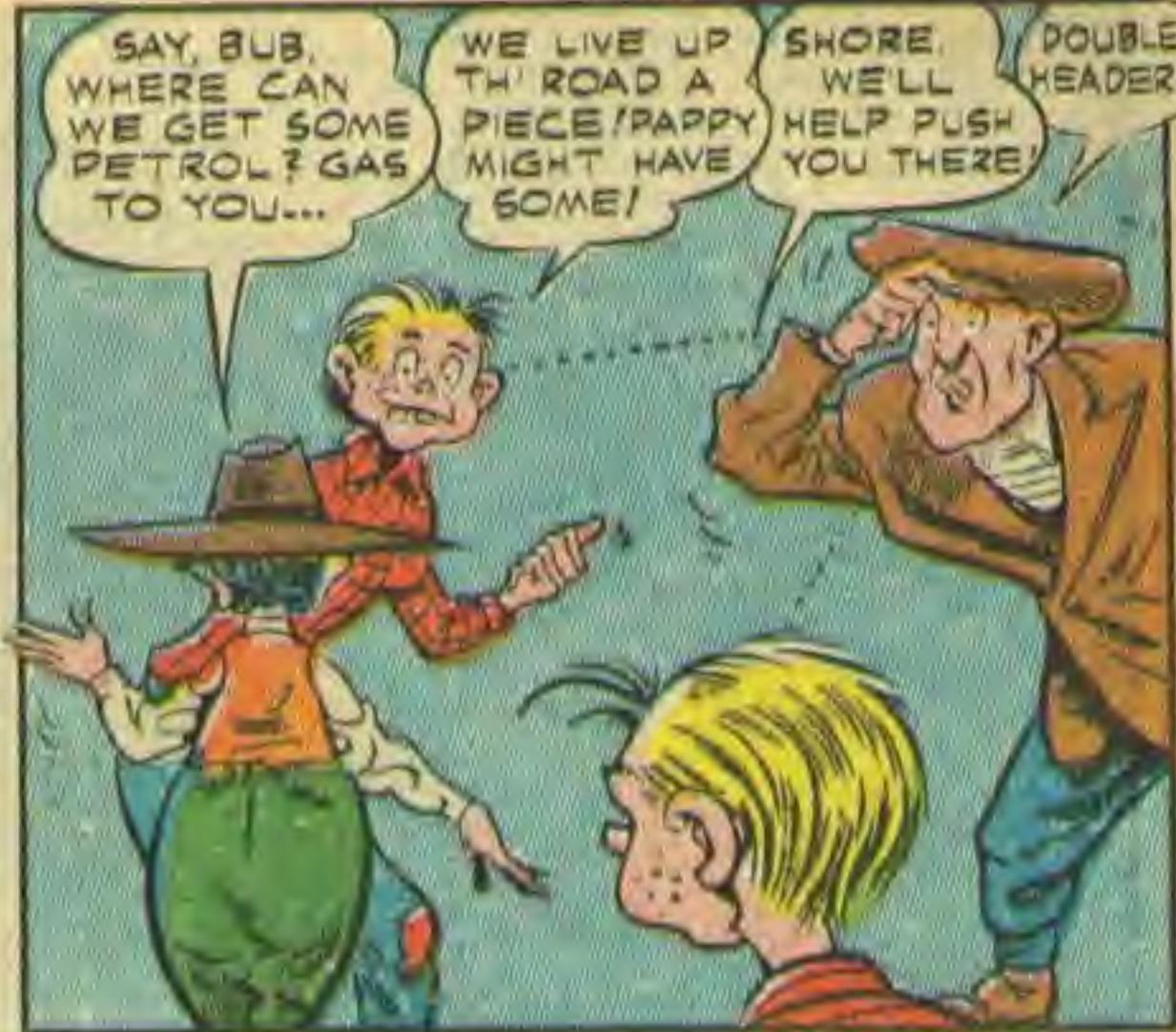
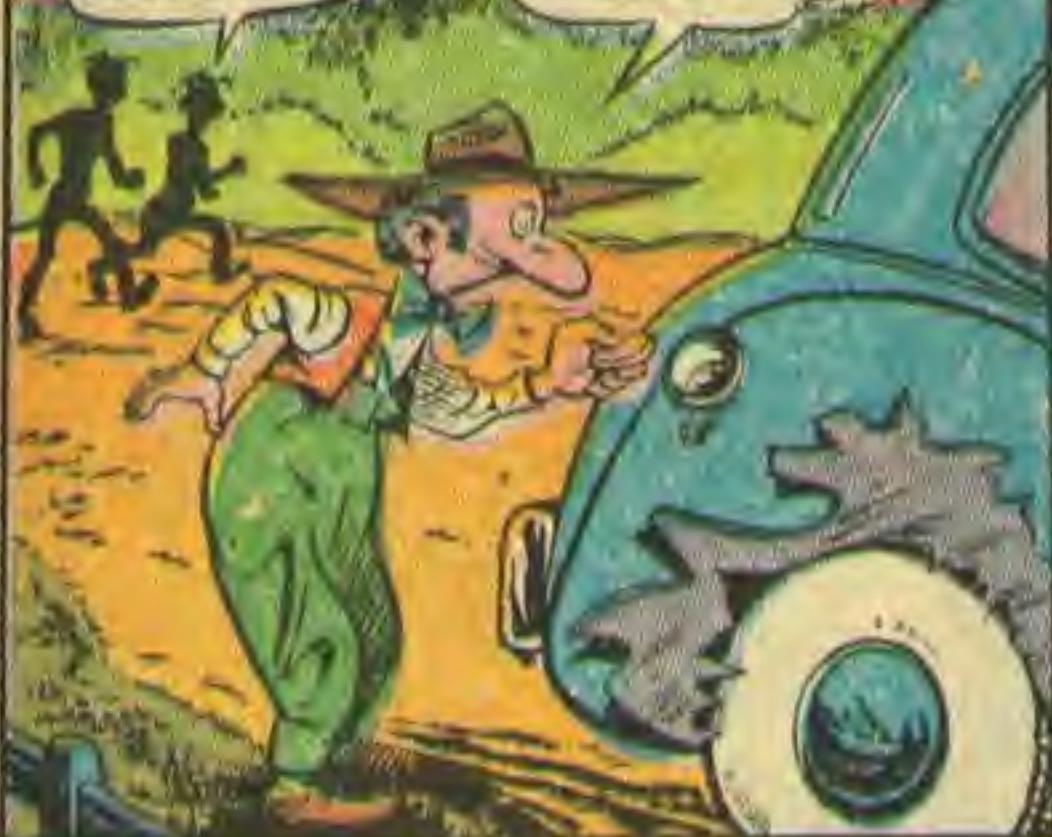
THERE'S THET CAR WHUT PASSED US! MEBBE WE KIN GIT A RIDE T' HOME!

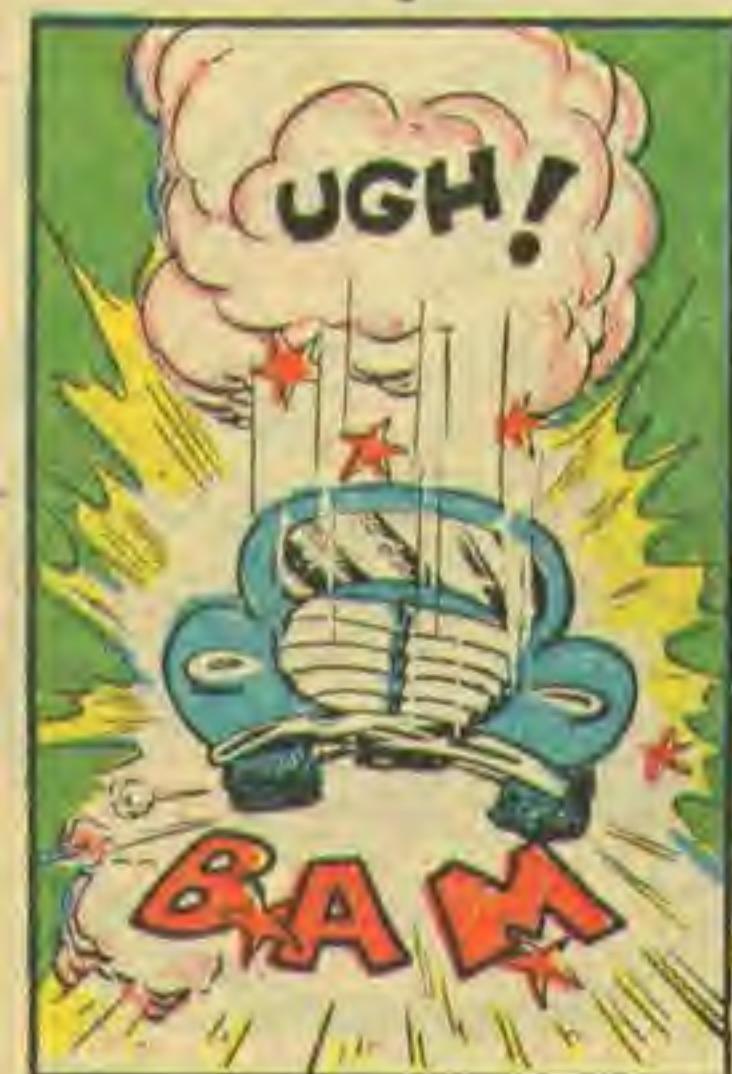
OUR GAS TANK WAS RIPPED, THEODORE, WE'RE OUTTA GAS!....

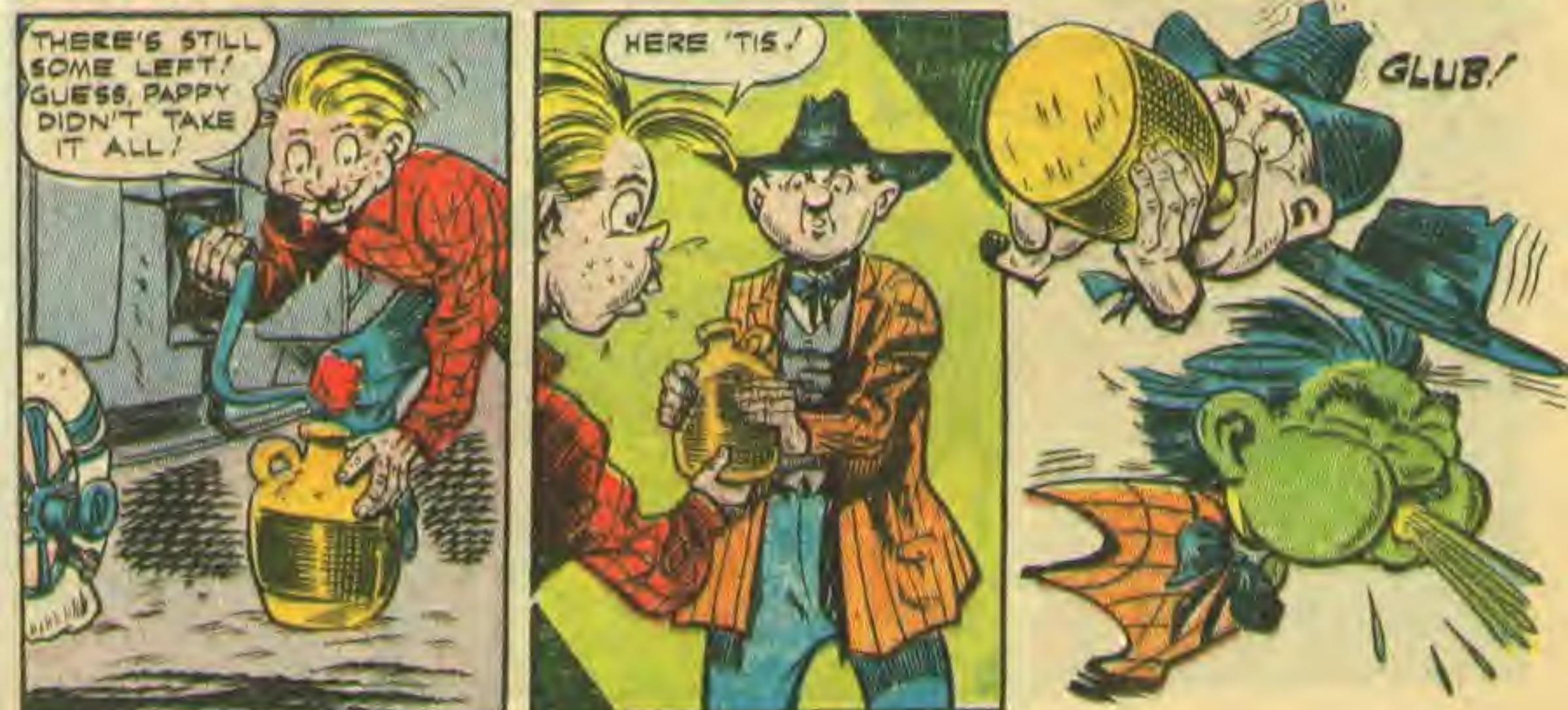
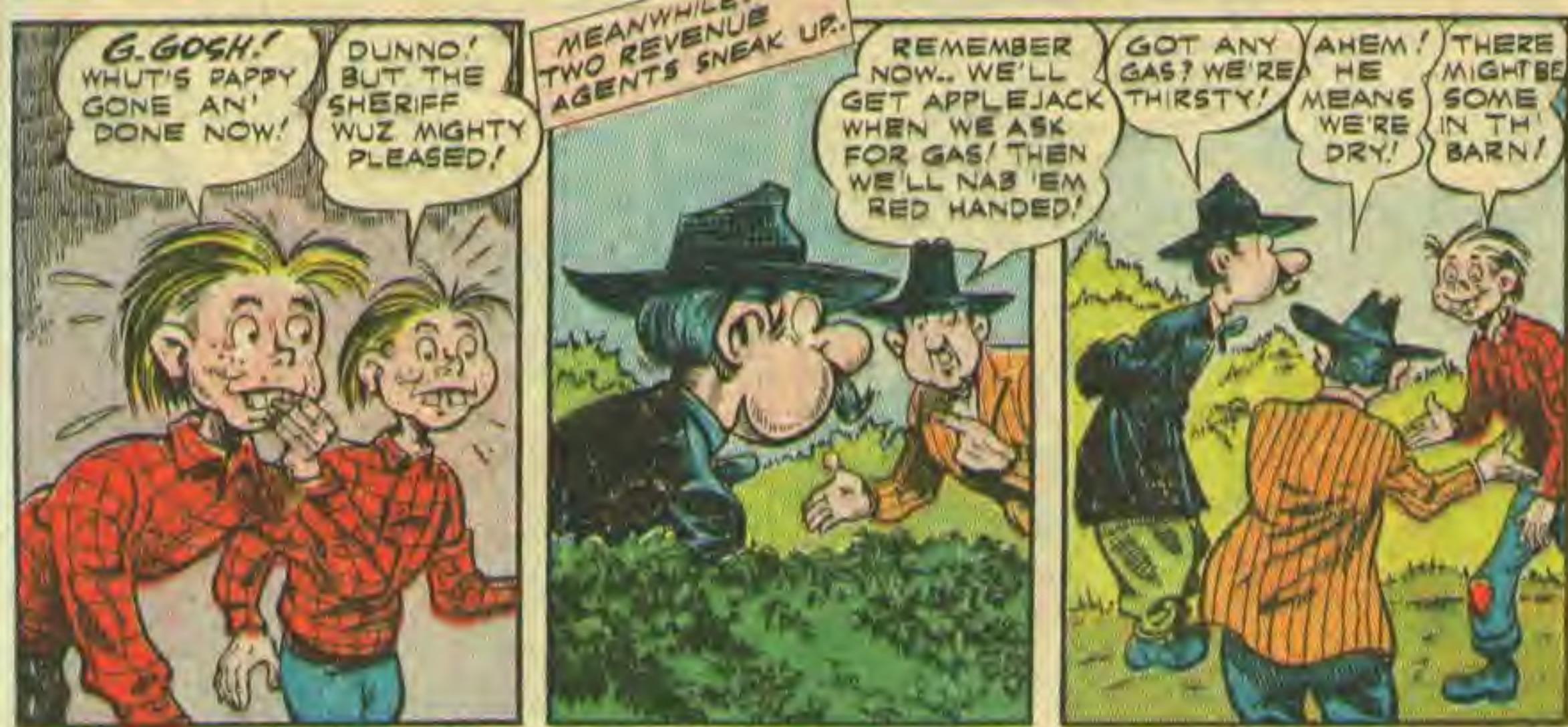
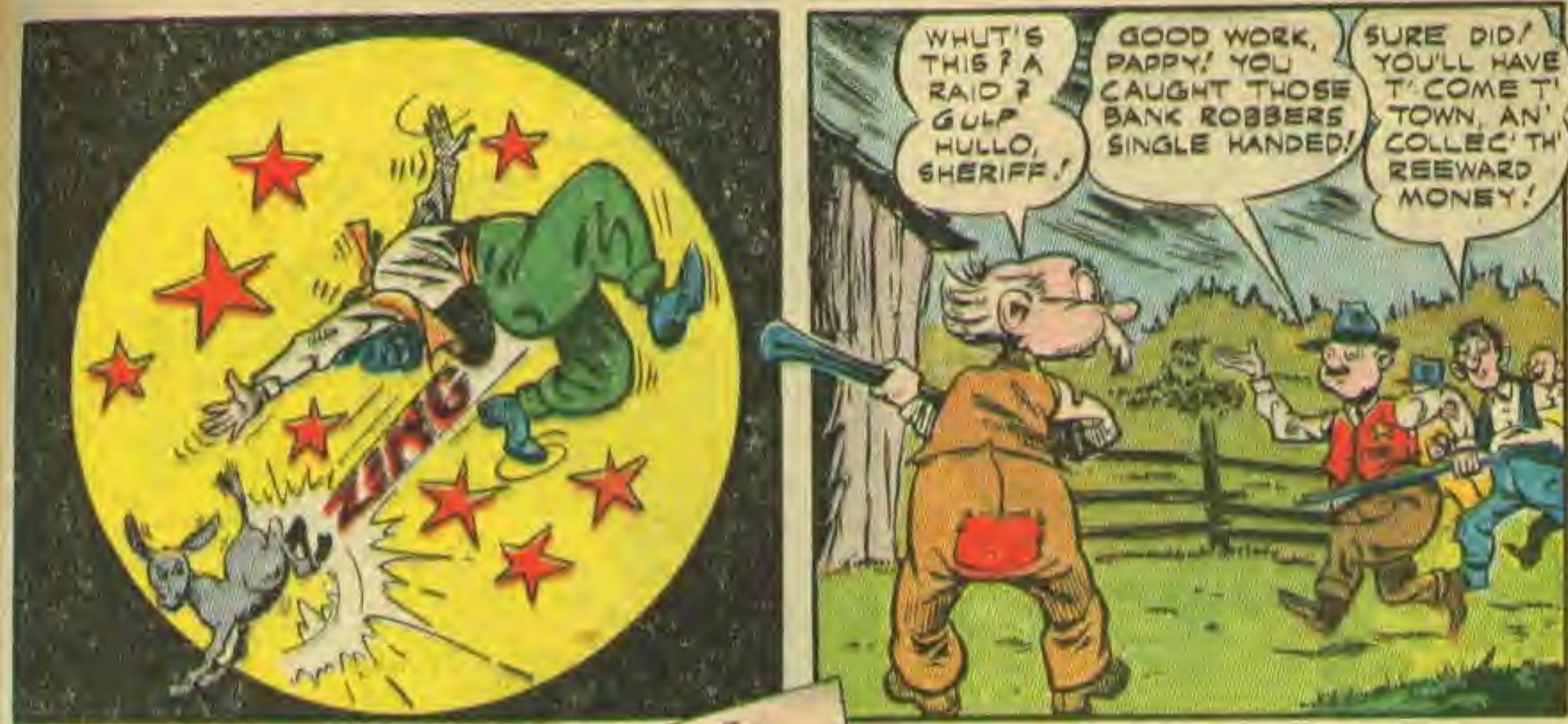
SAY, BUB, WHERE CAN WE GET SOME PETROL? GAS TO YOU...

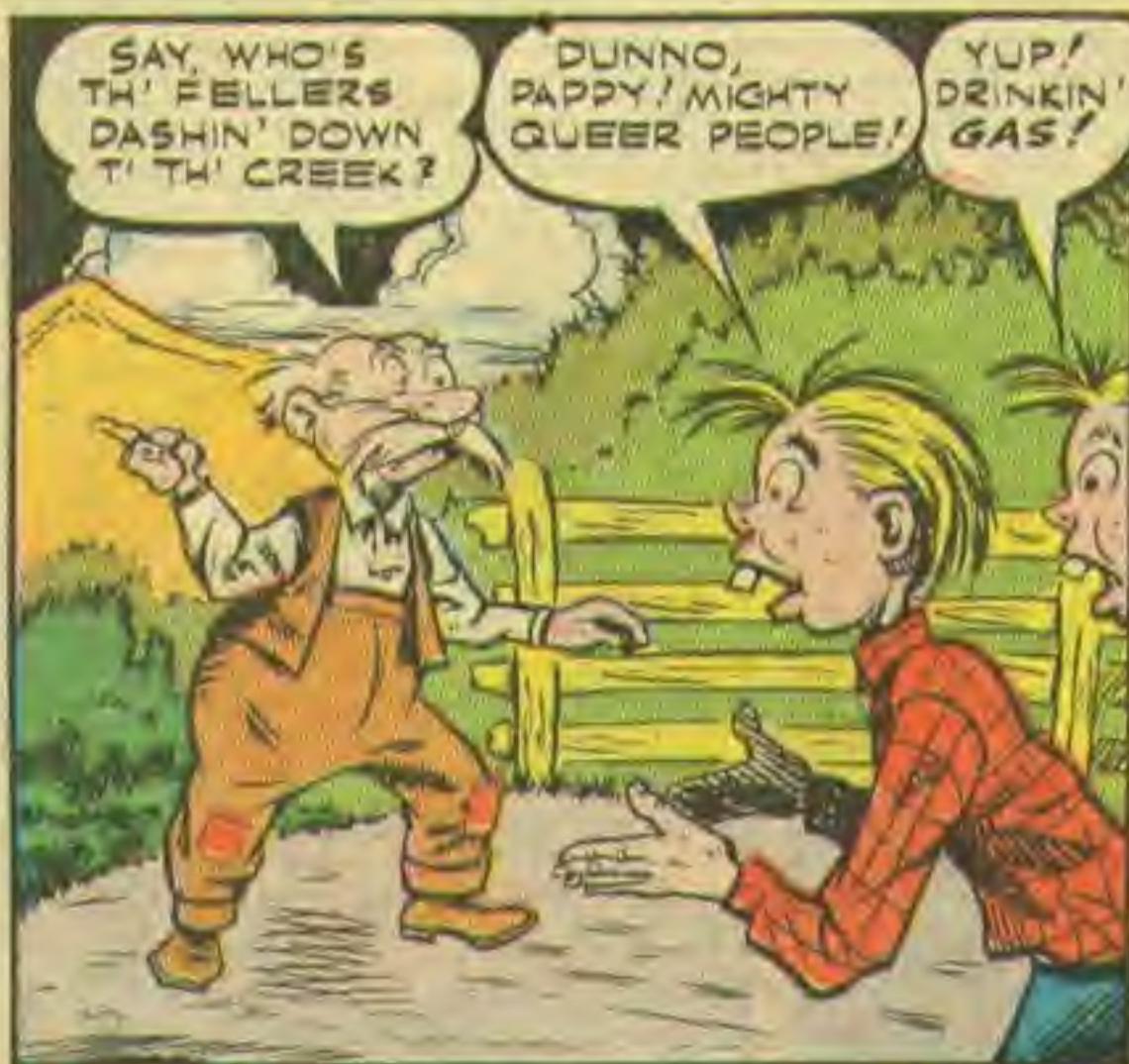
WE LIVE UP TH' ROAD A PIECE! PAPPY MIGHT HAVE SOME!

SHORE, WE'LL HELP PUSH YOU THERE! DOUBLE-HEADER!









WHAT WILL THE APPLE JACK BOYS TAKE AS A REWARD? JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY DO MAKE A CHOICE! READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **ZIP COMICS**

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

By GEORGE WELLINGTON

A RATTLING chuckle issued from the back of Jake's throat. "He won't like it!" he thought again, as he set two water tumblers next to the half-full whiskey bottle. Mike was not going to like Jake's offer of thirty thousand dollars for one hundred thousand in ransom money.

He chuckled again as he thought of his seventy thousand dollar profit, which was not bad for a fence. Poor Mike! He did all the work, kidnapping the kid, hiding out, running the risk of collecting the ransom money. And he, the fence, simply reached in and took up all the profit.

He looked up at the clock, saw that it was climbing close to nine thirty. Almost immediately the doorbell rang. He went to the door and let Mike in.

Mike was a small, wiry man, weasel-faced with sharp, sly eyes. Jake's eyes fastened avidly on the black bag Mike carried wordlessly into the room.

"The ransom money?" Jake asked unnecessarily. Mike nodded, swung the bag up on the table. Jake rubbed his hands briskly, but then slipped a calm mask over his face. He must not let Mike see too much triumph. Mike was slippery. He shuffled over to the sideboard, lifted the bottle in his thin, claw-like hand, and busily poured two stiff ones.

"Have much trouble, Mike?"

he slid beady eyes over to the other man.

Mike's face went sour. "Yeah," he growled, "coupla things went wrong. We couldn't deliver the kid."

Jake set the bottle down slowly, his face pleating with worry wrinkles. "You mean . . . ?"

"I mean," Mike finished testily, "that the kid's been croaked!"

"Well?" Mike faced him squarely, his stoney face shrewd. "I got the dough, one hundred grand cold. How much do I get for it?"

Jake's eyes avoided Mike's. "Well business ain't what it used to be. Snatch money is a ticklish business, y'know."

"So can the beef! I got troubles enough as it is! How much? Quit stallin'! I'm in a kinda hurry, see?"

Jake cleared his throat, finished his drink, set it down on the tray. Then with Mike's glowing eyes watching every move, he finally got out, "Twenty-five grand is the best I can do, Mike."

"Twenty . . ." Mike choked up. His face suddenly suffused the color of a ripe tomato. "Why you . . ." and he rattled out a string of foul oaths. "Twenty-five grand? What do you take me for, you penny-pinchin' scum!"

Jake flung his hands wide, hunching his scrawny shoulders. "It's the best I can do, Mike. Take it or leave it. The dough's hot! After all, you can't pass

it, I'm takin' the chances of passin' it legit!"

Mike replaced the bottle slowly, then turned, his lips a thin disgruntled line. He handed Jake a drink. "Here! Have a drink! Maybe it'll loosen you up a bit. Me, I'm just gettin' madder, see? I didn't come 'ere to argue with you. When we last spoke, it was fifty-fifty. Now, Jake, I want my end of this . . . or else!"

A little crafty smile crept into Jake's lipless mouth. He lifted the drink, gulped down half of it, just a bit contemptuous of Mike's threat. He was not in the least frightened. He could draw a gun quicker than Mike could anytime. What was more, Mike knew that. And Jake knew that Mike knew it. He was not in the least afraid of Mike. "I'm sorry, Mike, but thirty thousand is the best I will do."

For a moment Mike said nothing. He just stood there, leaning easily back against the sideboard, a sharp, tight look biting through his face. The thin lips in that sagging downward droop, the cold unemotional face, in which only the eyes lived hotly. There was something in Mike's eyes that Jake could not quite fathom. "Fifty!" Mike said quietly.

Jake shook his head firmly. "No dice, Mike."

Mike gave him a sullen glare, he lifted his wrist, let his eyes slide down to his watch. "I gotta blow. You know I ain't

got all night. Where's the john? I wanna straighten up a bit."

Jake shrugged. He threw his thumb over his shoulder indicating the bathroom. "I won't go one penny more."

Silently, Mike hitched away from the sideboard, crossed the room in uneven strides. The bathroom door slammed shut like an exclamation point.

Jake's eyes thoughtfully went in the direction of the bathroom door. He had to watch Mike, never turn your back on a rat. But the door remained shut, he could hear the splashing of water. He turned the glass in his thin fingers, looked down into the half-filled glass. The drink, he chuckled inwardly, had mellowed him up to the extent of five thousand. No good!

No doubt Mike was stalling around until he got a little more generous. Better to have a clear head on a tricky deal with a cool customer like this. He reached over for the whiskey bottle, set the glass on the edge of the lip, slowly poured back the remainder of the drink. Nothing like having one's wits about one. After Mike was gone, he would get stinko just to celebrate.

Presently Mike came back into the room, but now haste lived in every movement, though he tried not to show it. He stepped before Jake, his stocky legs set wide apart, his eyes shining brightly, unflinchingly into Jake's.

"Well?" Jake wanted to know. "You decide?"

A faint half smile twisted into Mike's mouth, a smile that Jake knew well. It was an evil leer that might mean anything.

"You know I ain't in no position to argue, don't you, Jake?"

Jake shrugged. "Naturally, I know my business."

Mike held out his hand, waved the fingers. "Come on, gimme, you stinkin' rat! I wanna blow outta this burg. Let's get it over with, and I hope you fry in hell!"

A grin slitted Jake's mouth, he promptly shuffled over to the safe, wondering if perhaps he should have stuck to twenty-five thousand after all. He bent down, twirled the dial, his eyes darting from the dial to Mike. He could watch him out of the corner of his eyes. One suspicious move from that lug, and he would let him have it. After all, he had not been a fence for years without being wise to all the tricks.

Mike was a cinch. He had figured on Mike's yellow streak anyhow. He had even expected a great deal more trouble. The police were probably closing in tighter than he had suspected.

He straightened, swung the door of the safe open, reached in . . . then he froze.

A sudden fierce burning began to grow up from the core of him. It stung, like acid. He pressed his hand against his heart . . . his doctor had warned him, but in that same instant, all his muscles seemed to yank up, become paralyzed. The breath seemed to punch right out of his lungs. A tremor convulsed through his body.

He collapsed against the safe, tried to call Mike, but his vocal cords refused to function. He clutched stupidly in the direction of his throat, then pitched face forward, slid in a writhing convulsion to the floor.

Mike watched Jake collapse. Watched with hypnotized, widened eyes, the twitching convulsion that quivered through Jake.

A frothy foam bubbled through Jake's mouth . . . then he lay still.

Mike went over to him, bent down, felt the man's pulse.

He was dead.

Slowly Mike straightened, no emotions crossed his cold, hard face, only his eyes glowed wickedly, as he stared down at the dead man. He lifted his foot, prodded the dead man in the ribs. Jake wobbled.

Mike filled his lungs with breath. For a short moment he stood there, just looking down. Then he turned toward the safe. Without hesitation, he reached in, felt around, until his hand contacted the money.

He thumbed through the pile of crisp bills he found, roughly estimated that there should be at least seventy-five thousand there, maybe eighty.

That faint half smile twisted into his mouth. Not bad, he thought, not bad at all.

He stepped over the dead man, went over to the sideboard. He poured himself a drink. He needed a stiff one. His hands were steady and calm.

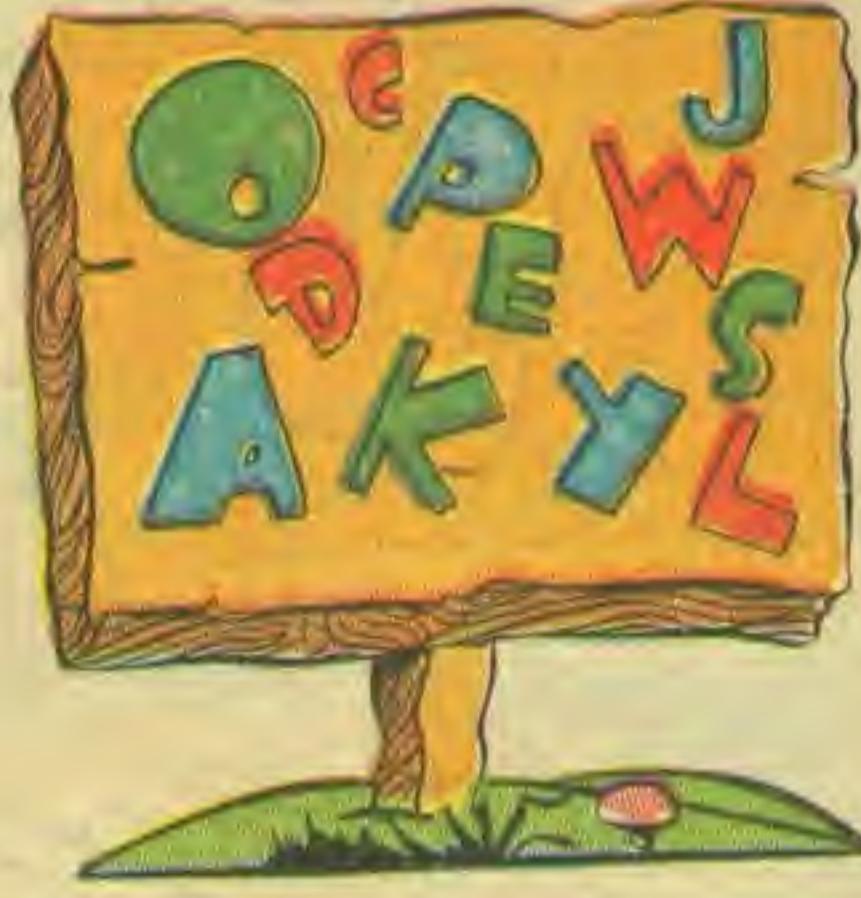
He lifted the glass toward Jake. "Here's to crime!" and he swallowed the drink with one gulp, set the glass down.

He went over to the table, curled his hands around the black bag.

Certainly was a good haul. After all, he had put enough poison in Jake's drink to kill a dozen like him.

The grin remained on his face a little, but not for long.

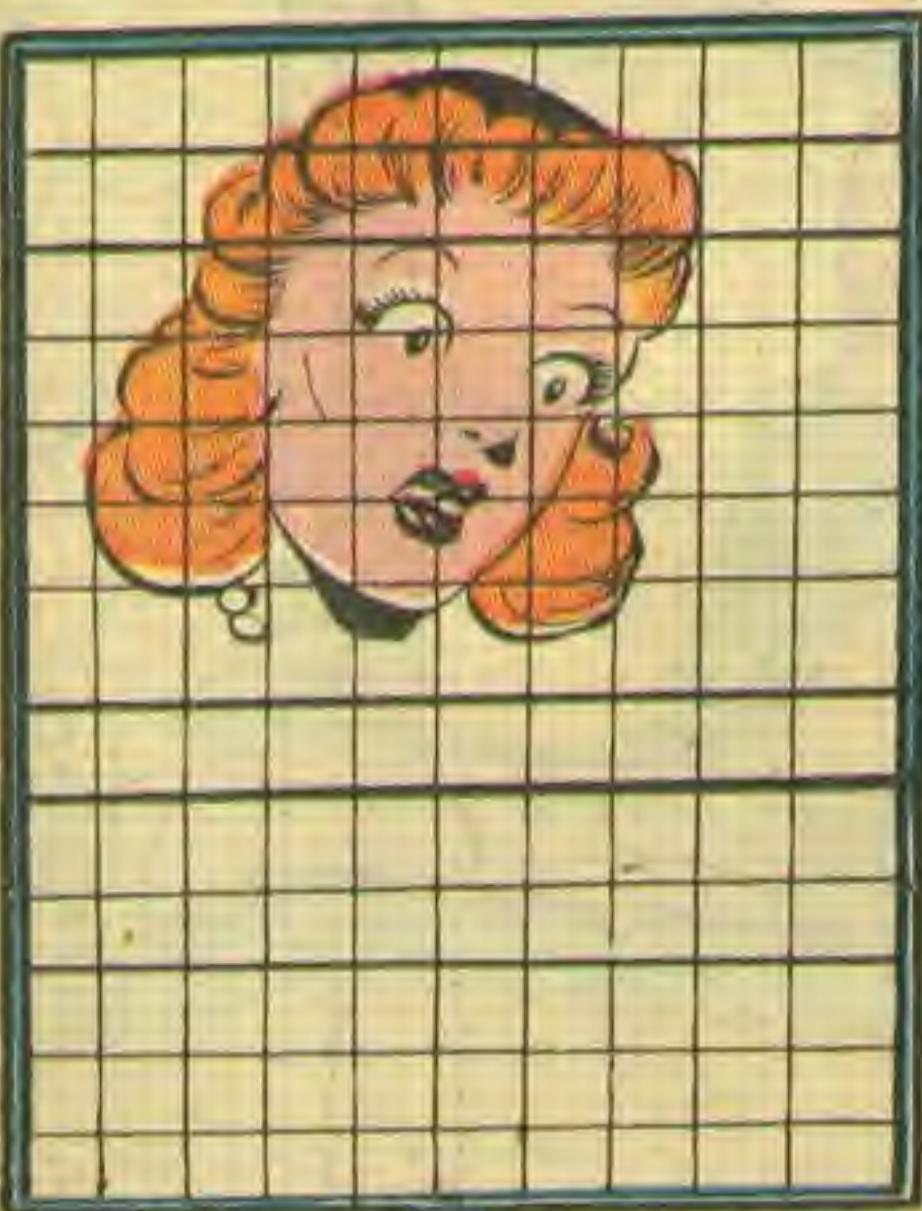
ZIPSY DOODLES



LAPPY APPLEJACK
IS LOOKING FOR HIS
FATHER'S JUG! CAN
YOU HELP HIM FIND
IT??

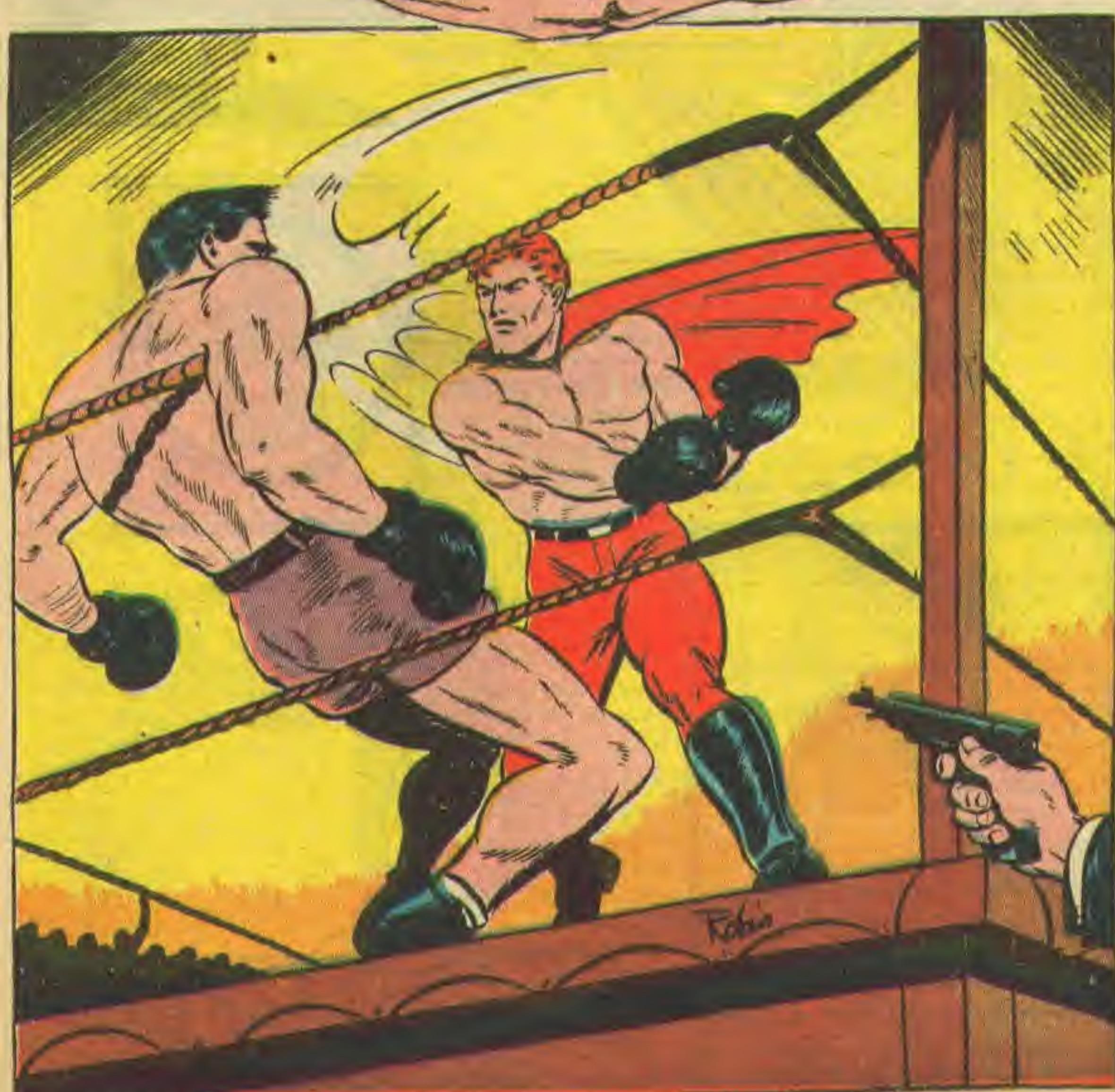


SEE IF YOU CAN COPY THE HEAD
OF GINGER IN THE SQUARES BELOW!



HEY, GANG! CUT
ME OUT, AND
MOUNT ME ON
CARDBOARD
AND START YOUR
COLLECTION OF
M.L.J. CHARACTERS!

RED RUBE



REUBEN REUBEN,
A YOUNG ORPHAN,
HAS BEEN ENDOWED
BY HIS ANCESTORS
WITH THE QUALITY
EACH WAS FAMOUS
FOR:

STRENGTH,
SPEED,
KNOWLEDGE,
WISDOM,
COURAGE,
AND
FORTITUDE!
HE HAS ONLY TO
CALL "HEY RUBE!"
TO POSSESS THEM
AND HE BECOMES
RED RUBE!



HAH! THAT'S
HIM!

I'D LIKE TO SEE
THE FIGHTS! MAYBE
HE'LL GET LICKED!

BUT I
GOTTA
KEEP SELLIN'
PAPERS!

\$500
TO ANYONE
WHO CAN
STAY
5 ROUNDS
WITH
GORILLA
GUS
GORILLA GUS
ASTOR
THEATRE
TO-NITE

WHAT'S THIS?

HELP! HELP!
STOP HIM HE
STOLE ALL MY
MONEY!



OH!

GEE I'M
SORRY
MA'AM!

IT WASN'T YOUR
FAULT, MY BOY!
YOU WERE ONLY
TRYING TO
HELP!

ONLY (SOB) IT
WAS TERRIBLY
IMPORTANT TO
ME! (SOB)

PLUM!

YOU SEE, MY SON IS BLIND,
BUT FOR \$500 DOLLARS
HE COULD HAVE AN
OPERATION THAT WOULD
CURE HIM! I'VE BEEN
SAVING MY DIMES AND
PENNIES FOR YEARS, AND
I ALMOST HAD ENOUGH!
AND NOW I WAS JUST ON
MY WAY TO THE DOCTOR'S
TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS
FOR THE OPERATION ---
AND (SOB) THAT YOUNG
HOODLUM --- (SOB) ---

GEE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
I KNOW HOW I CAN
GET THAT MONEY
BACK FOR YOU!

YOU--?

YOU AND YOUR SON
MEET ME RIGHT HERE
ABOUT 9:30 TONIGHT
AND I'LL HAVE THE
MONEY FOR YOU!

BUT
HOW?

BY GOLLY! I'LL BE KILLIN'
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
I'LL GET HER MONEY FOR
HER, AND AT THE SAME TIME
FIX THAT BIG GORILLA FOR
SHAKIN' ME UP!

SAY! I'D LIKE TO SIGN
UP FOR A CRACK AT
THAT GORILLA GUS
TONIGHT!

YOU! ARE
YOU CRAZY,
KIDDO?

OH! ER--WHAT I MEAN
IS I WANNA SIGN-UP
A FRIEND OF MINE--
HIS NAME IS RED
RUBE!

RED RUBE,
EH? OKAY.
TELL HIM
TA BE
HERE AT
NINE
O'CLOCK
SHARP!

ASTOR
THEATER

JUST BEFORE 9 O'CLOCK
OUTSIDE THE STAGE
ENTRANCE OF THE
ASTOR THEATER ----

WELL, HERE WE
ARE -- I'D BETTER
GO IN AS RED
RUBE!

HEY,
RUBE!

AND THRU THE STAGE DOOR
STEPS THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF--

--RED RUBE!

LADIES AND GEN'L MEN!
OUR FIRST CONTESTANT IS
A YOUNG SAILOR LAD!

THAT'S
YOU
KID!

WOPPETY
WOP
POW
BLAM
SOOK
WAH
BIFF

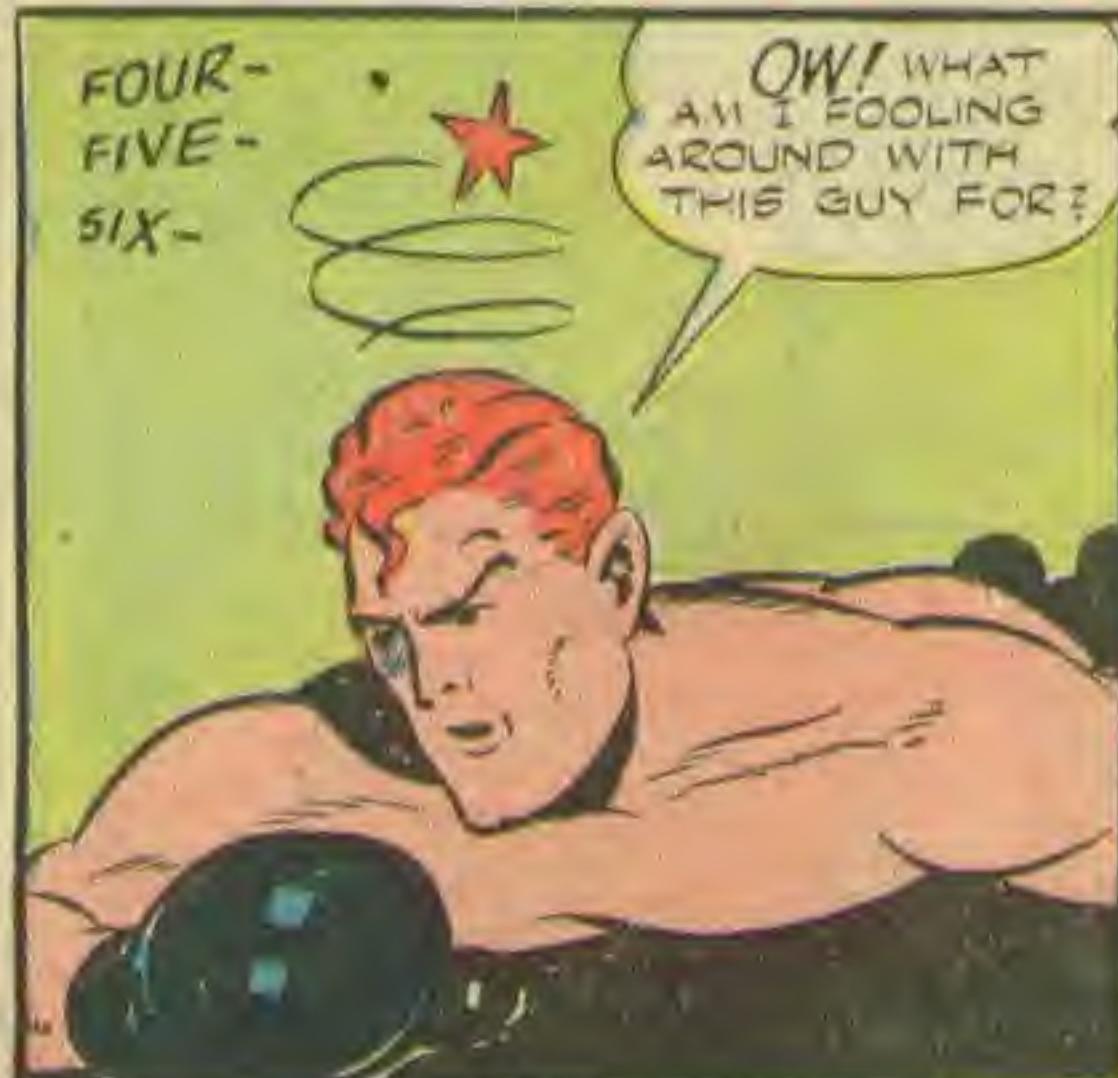
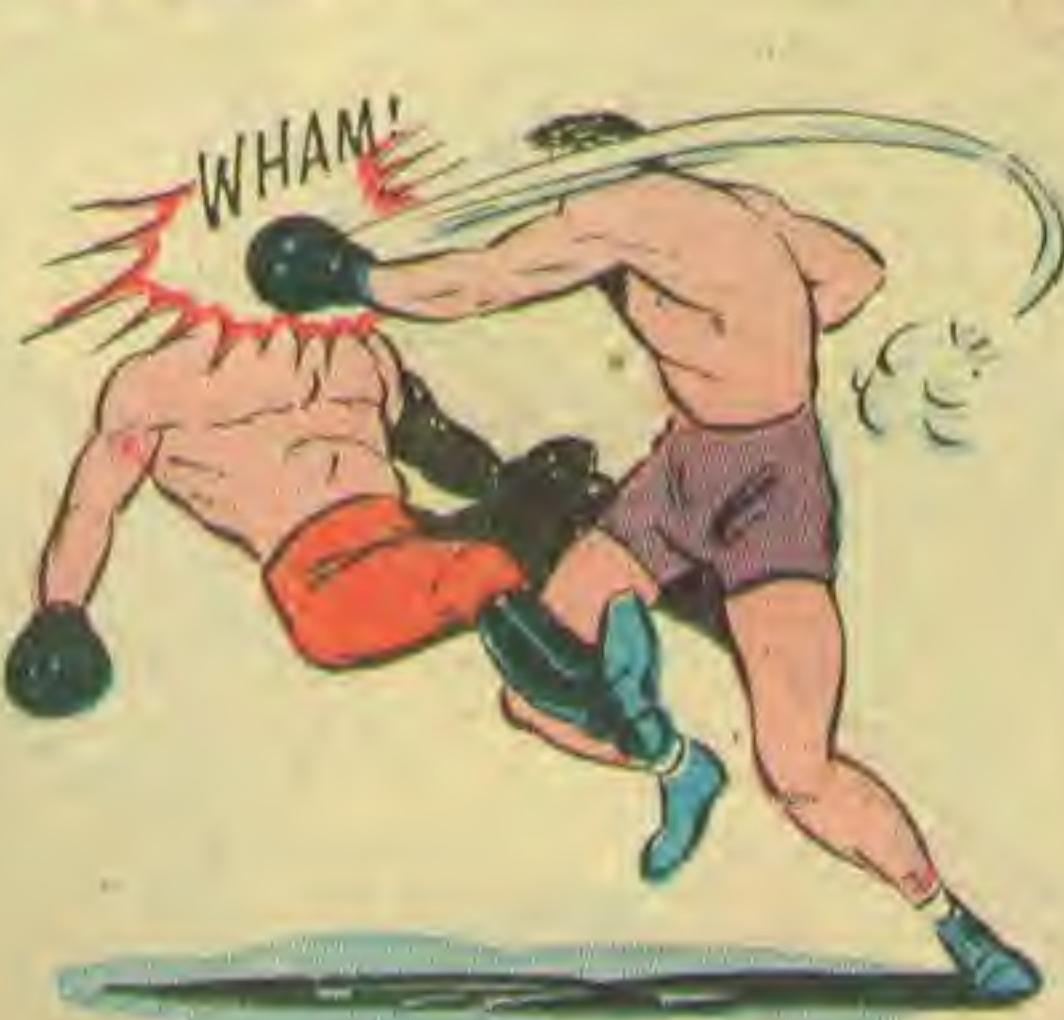
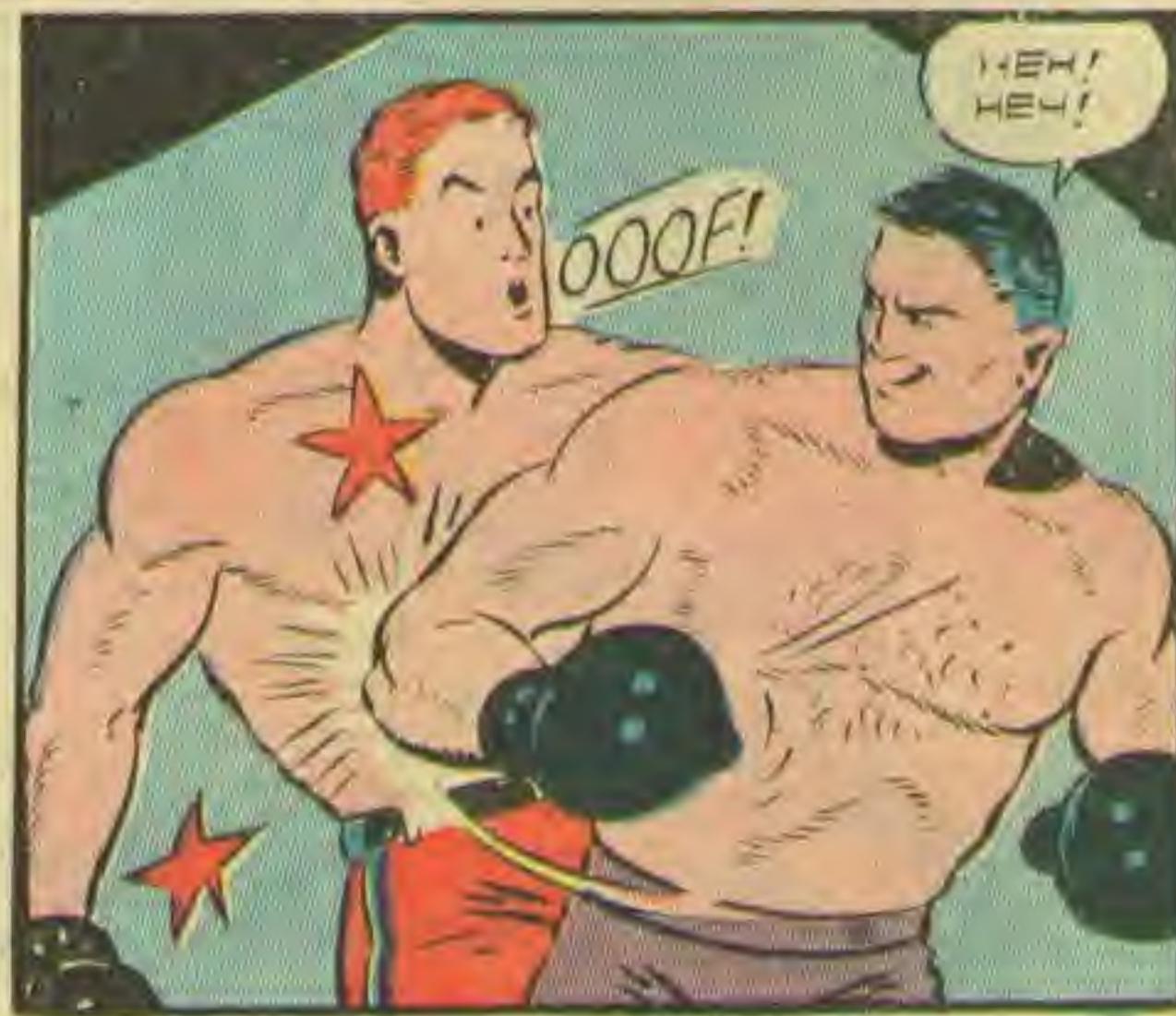
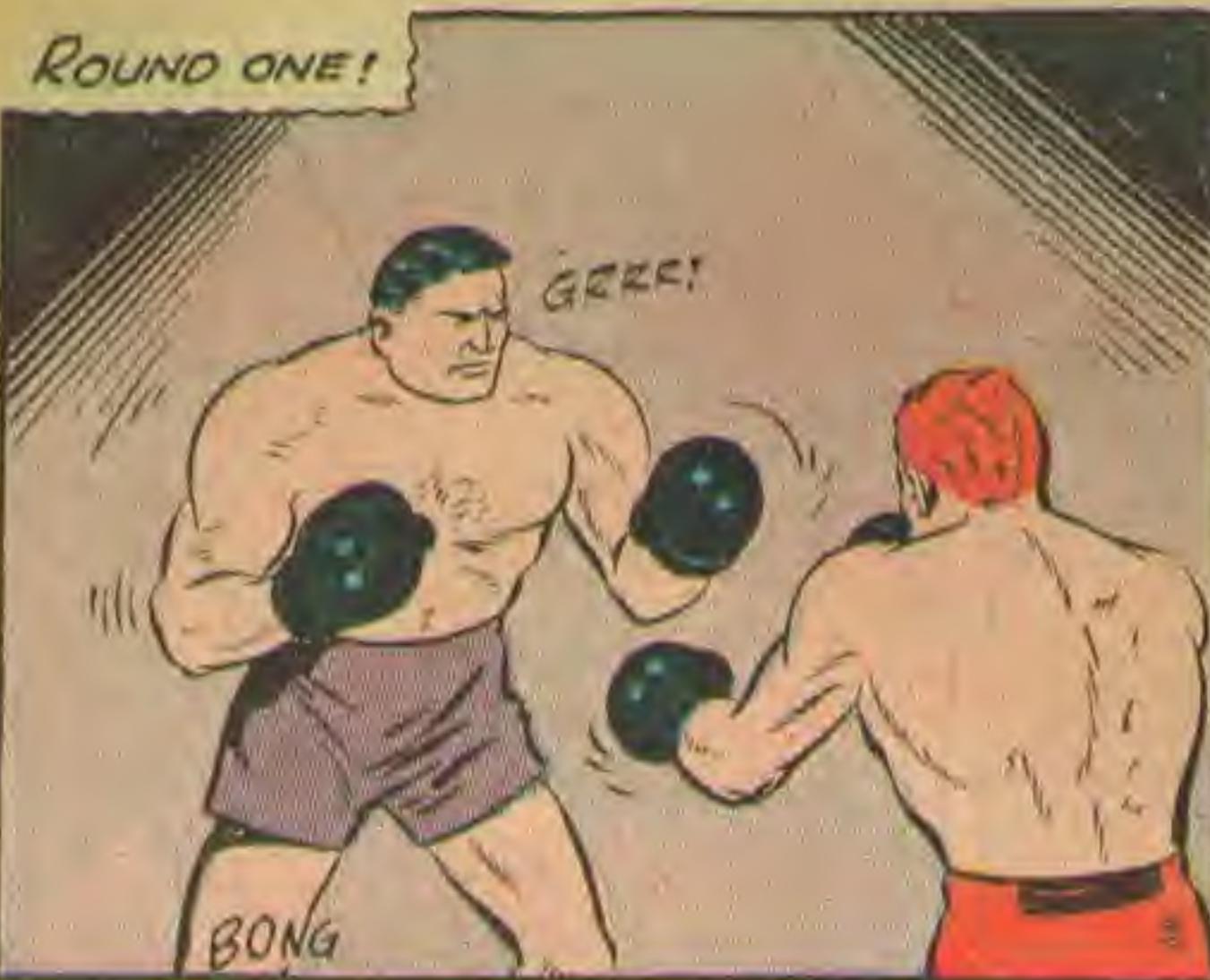
OKAY, RED.
YOU'RE
NEXT!

GRRR!
GRRR!
GRRR!

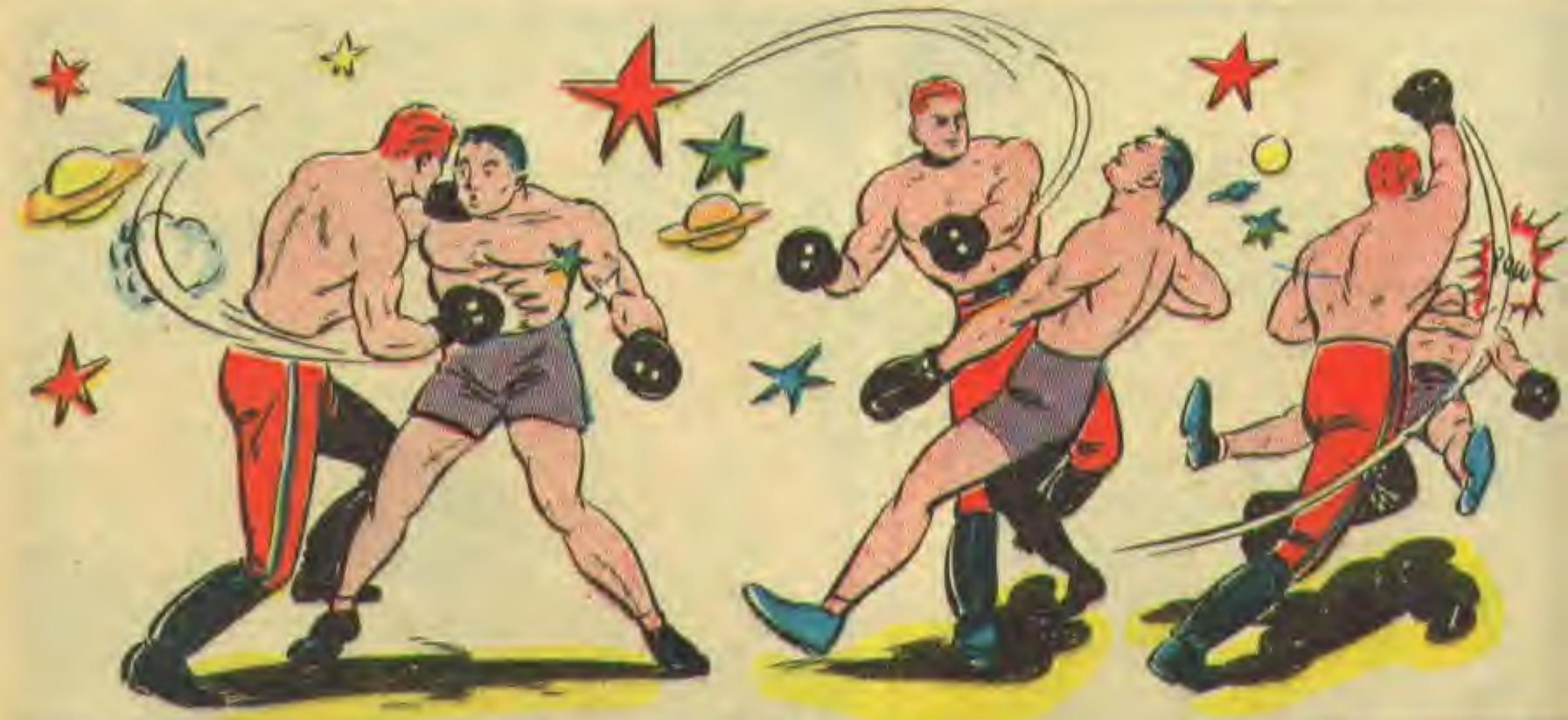
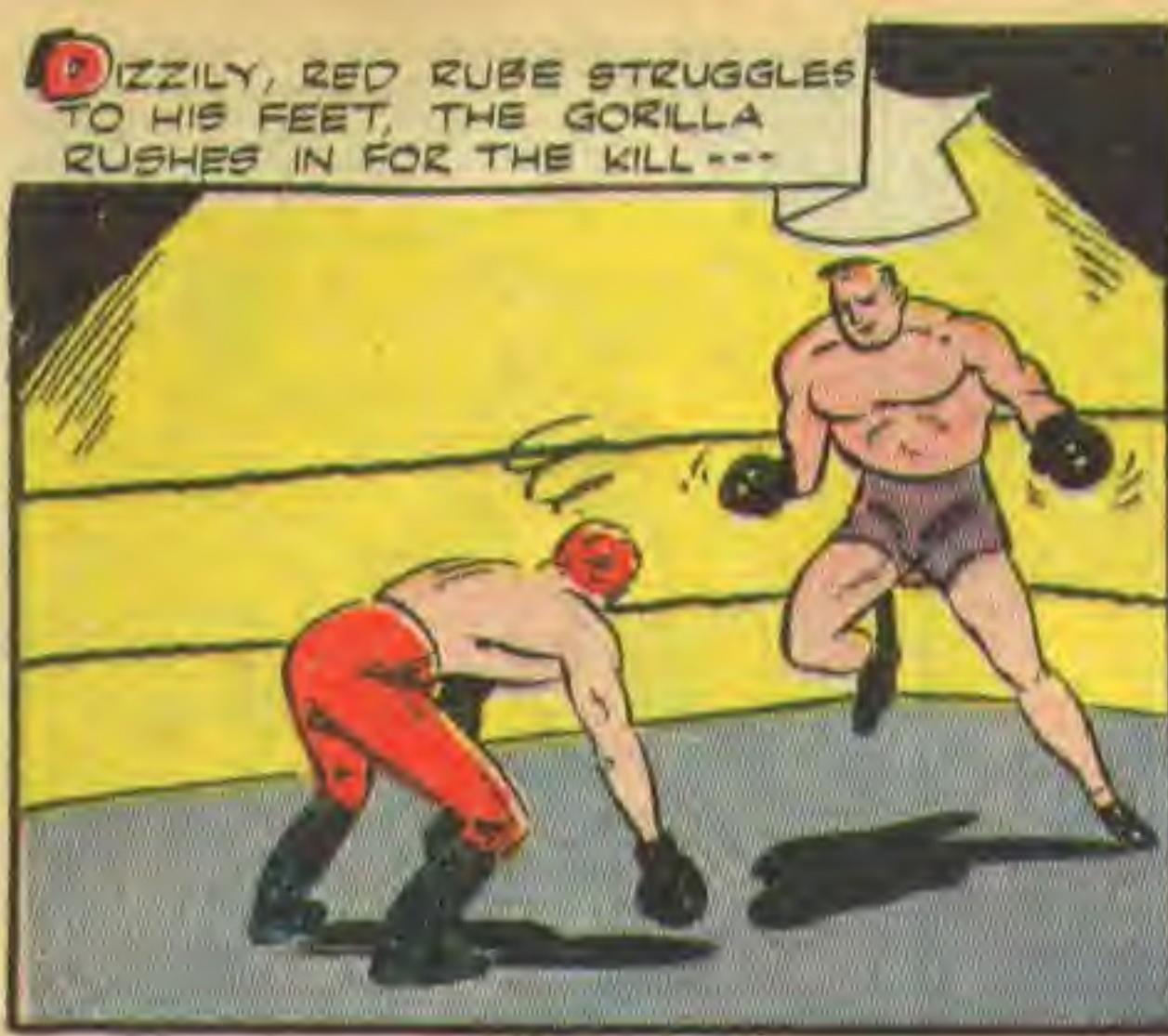
AND NOW -- IN THIS CORNER
GORILLA GUS AND IN THIS
CORNER RED RUBE!



ROUND ONE!



DIZZILY, RED RUBE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, THE GORILLA RUSHES IN FOR THE KILL ---



HAVING COLLECTED THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, RED RUBE QUICKLY LEAVES ---



LOOK! THERE'S THE KID
THAT SIGNED UP FOR THAT
RED RUBE!

GRAB 'IM! HE
PROBABLY KNOWS
WHERE THE BIG
GUY IS!

HEY!

TAKE 'IM BACK
INTO THE
THEATER!

OKAY, KID! NOW
TELL US WHERE
YER PARTNER IS
OR ELSE!

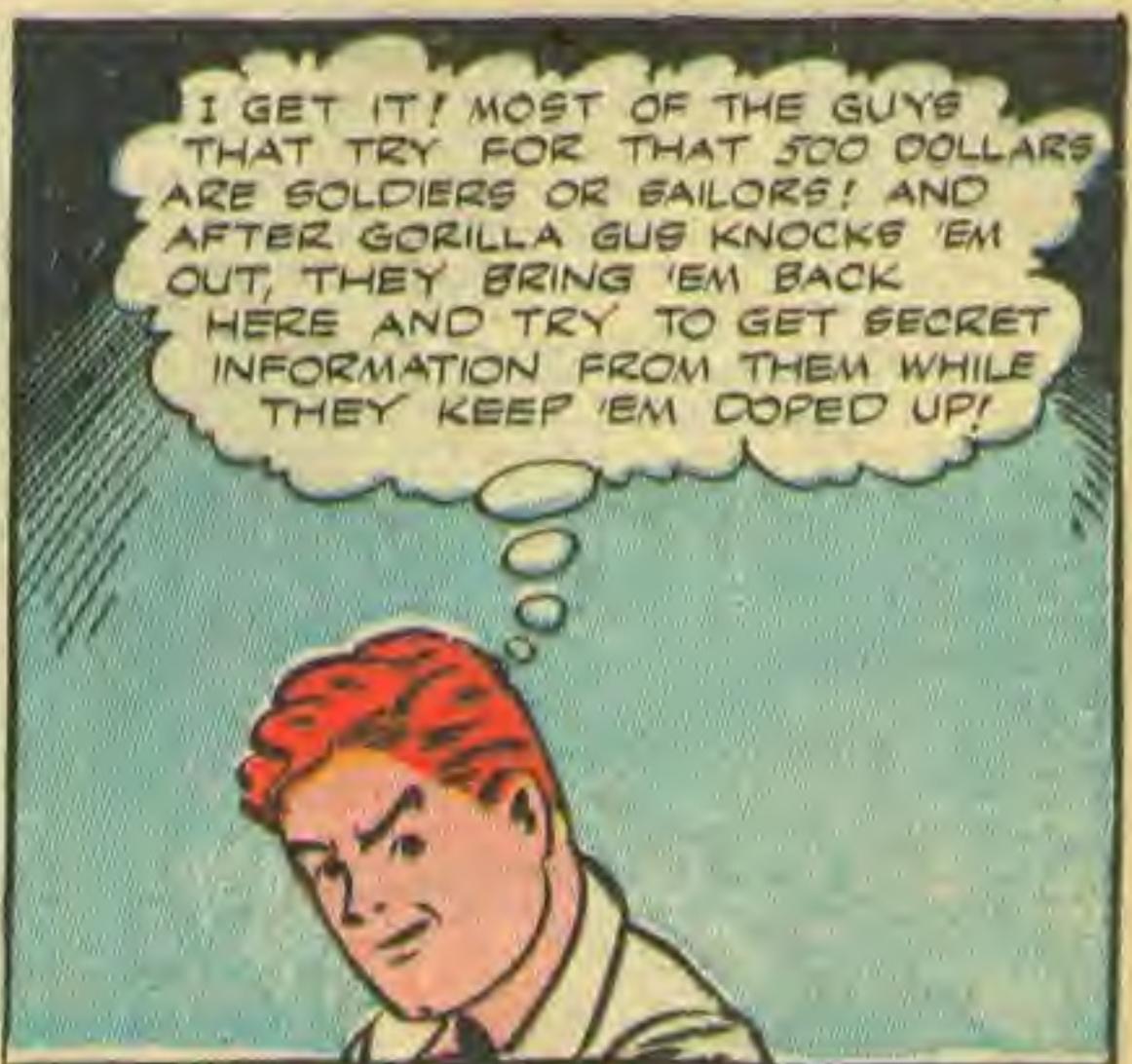
LEAVE HIM BE
FOR
A WHILE! TILL WE
TEND TO THIS
SAILOR!

PHOOEY!

C'MON, SAILOR! WHAT
SHIP ARE YOU FROM?
WHAT'S YOUR NEXT
TRIP?

GIVE 'IM A
LITTLE MORE
DOPE!

I GET IT! MOST OF THE GUYS
THAT TRY FOR THAT 500 DOLLARS
ARE SOLDIERS OR SAILORS! AND
AFTER GORILLA GUS KNOCKS 'EM
OUT, THEY BRING 'EM BACK
HERE AND TRY TO GET SECRET
INFORMATION FROM THEM WHILE
THEY KEEP 'EM DOSED UP!



I THINK IT'S TIME
RED RUBE
WENT INTO
ACTION AGAIN!

HEY,
RUBE!

WHAT?

LOOK! IT'S
THE BIG
REDHEAD!



WOW! IT'S AFTER NINE
THIRTY! I'VE GOT TO
MEET THAT OLD WOMAN,
TAKE CARE OF THESE
MUGS SAILOR, UNTIL
THE POLICE COME!

HUH;
WHAT
HAPPENED?



OH DEAR! I GUESS HE
ISN'T COMING! WE MAY
AS WELL GO HOME,
TOM!

WAIT!
HERE I AM,
MAIAM!



HERE'S THE
500 DOLLARS,
MA'AM!

OH! I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO THANK YOU!
HOW DID YOU EVER
DO IT?

I CAN'T EXPLAIN
NOW, MA'AM; I HAVE
TO GO! YOU TAKE
THE MONEY AND
GET YOUR SON'S
EYES RESTORED!

G'BYE!

THANK YOU
AGAIN, MY BOY!
AND BLESS
YOU! COME
TOM!

A FEW MINUTES LATER -- AT
THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISH-
ING OFFICE OF THE DAILY SUN!

I'M ONE OF YOUR
NEWSBOYS, AND I WANT
TO SEE THE PUBLISHER!

HA-HA! HE'S
PRETTY BUSY
NOW! COME
BACK IN 20
YEARS SON!

I CAN'T WAIT
THAT LONG!

HEY!

MR. LONG! I'VE
GOT A STORY
FOR YOU!

WHAT?

I'VE GOT A GREAT
STORY AND I'LL
GIVE IT TO YOU
IF YOU'LL MAKE
ME A CUB
REPORTER!

HMM! ALL
RIGHT, YOU TELL
ME THE STORY
AND IF IT'S AS
GOOD AS YOU
SAY-- YOU'RE A
CUB!

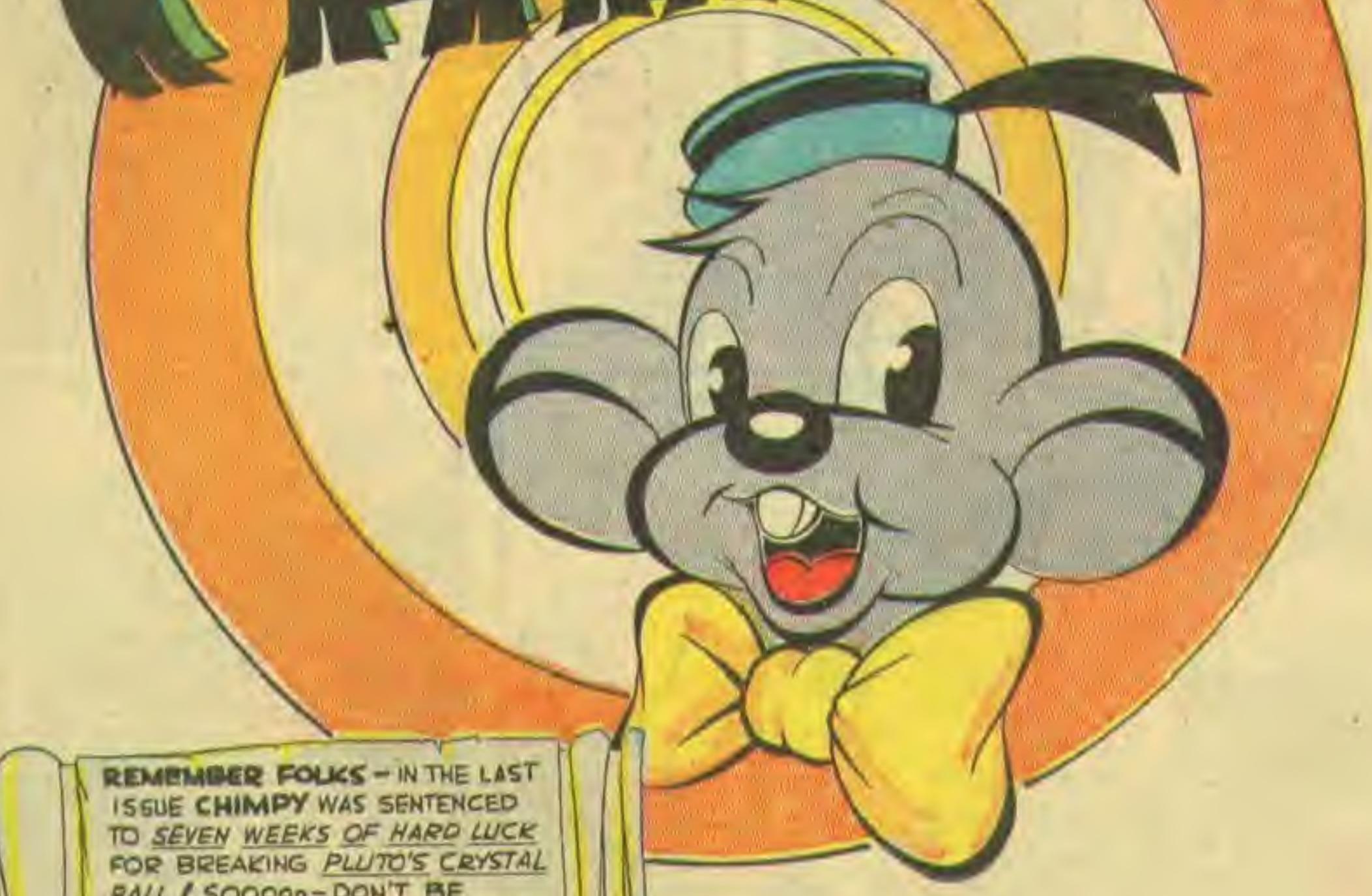
HURRIEDLY YOUNG RUBE TELLS ABOUT
THE CLEVER SPY RING-- AND HOW IT
WORKED!

AND BY NOW THEY'RE
IN THE HANDS OF
THE F.B.I.!

SON, I
THINK YOU'VE
GOT A STORY
THERE! YOU
CAN WRITE IT
UP FOR YOUR
FIRST ASSIGNMENT
AS A CUB
REPORTER!

CHIMPY

-by JOE EDWARDS



REMEMBER FOLKS - IN THE LAST ISSUE CHIMPY WAS SENTENCED TO SEVEN WEEKS OF HARD LUCK FOR BREAKING PLUTO'S CRYSTAL BALL / SOOOOO - DON'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU FIND HE IS A LITTLE WORRIED APP

GOSH!
GENIE I'M
WORRIED!

I'VE GOT A FEELING
SOMETHING'S GOING TO
HAPPEN ANY MINUTE ---
--- OH! OH! HERE
IT COMES ---



HIYA CHUM!
ARE YOU CHIMPY?

YES!!
BUT, WHO ARE
YOU ??

HERE'S MY
CARD, BUB!



MR. A BIGGE JINX
SPECIAL AGENT
HARD LUCK DEPT.
HADES INC..

I'VE GOT AN ORDER FROM
PLUTO TO DELIVER SEVEN
WEEKS OF HARD LUCK
TO YOU!!



(SNIFF) SAY---
WHAT'S COOKING?

I'VE GOT A NICE
FRESH PIE IN THE
PAN! I JUST
LOVE IT!!



WON'T YOU JOIN
US, MR JINX?

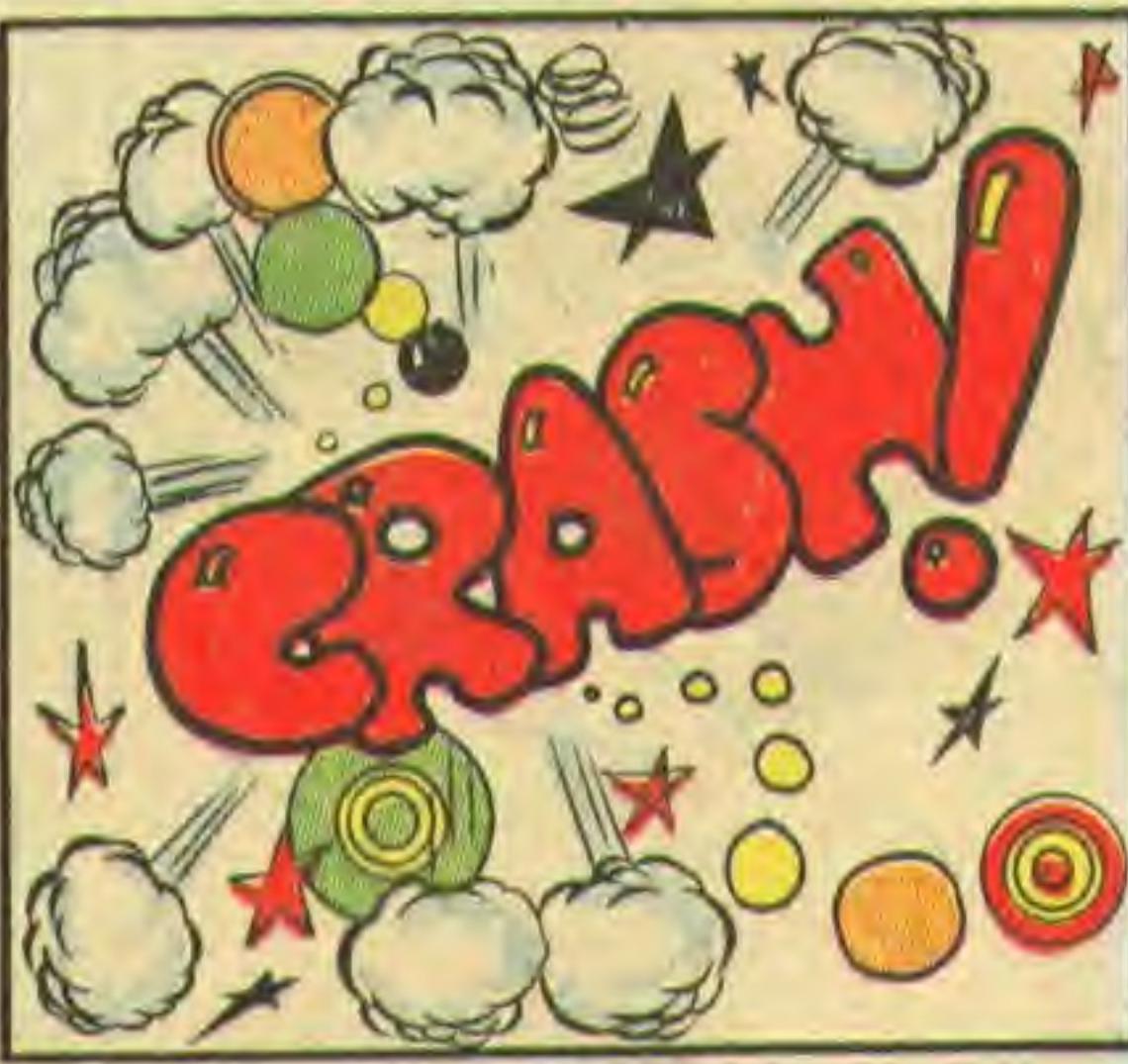
THANKS!!
DON'T MIND
IF I DO!!



CHIMPY HAS A NICE
FRESH PIE IN THE PAN!!
HE JUST LOVES IT!!

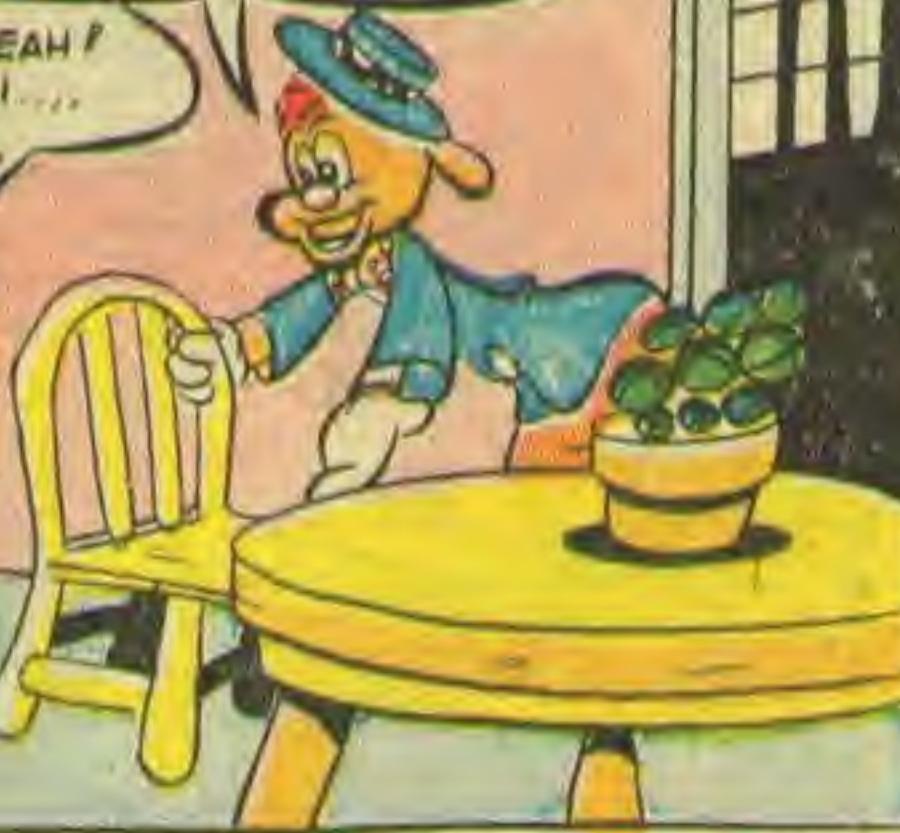
OH! SO
HE DOES,
EH!

O.K. BOYS!
GET READY....



NO HARD FEELINGS OLD BOY!
C'MON SIT DOWN - THAT WAS
JUST ONE OF MY PRACTICAL
JOKES!

OH YEAH?
WELL I...



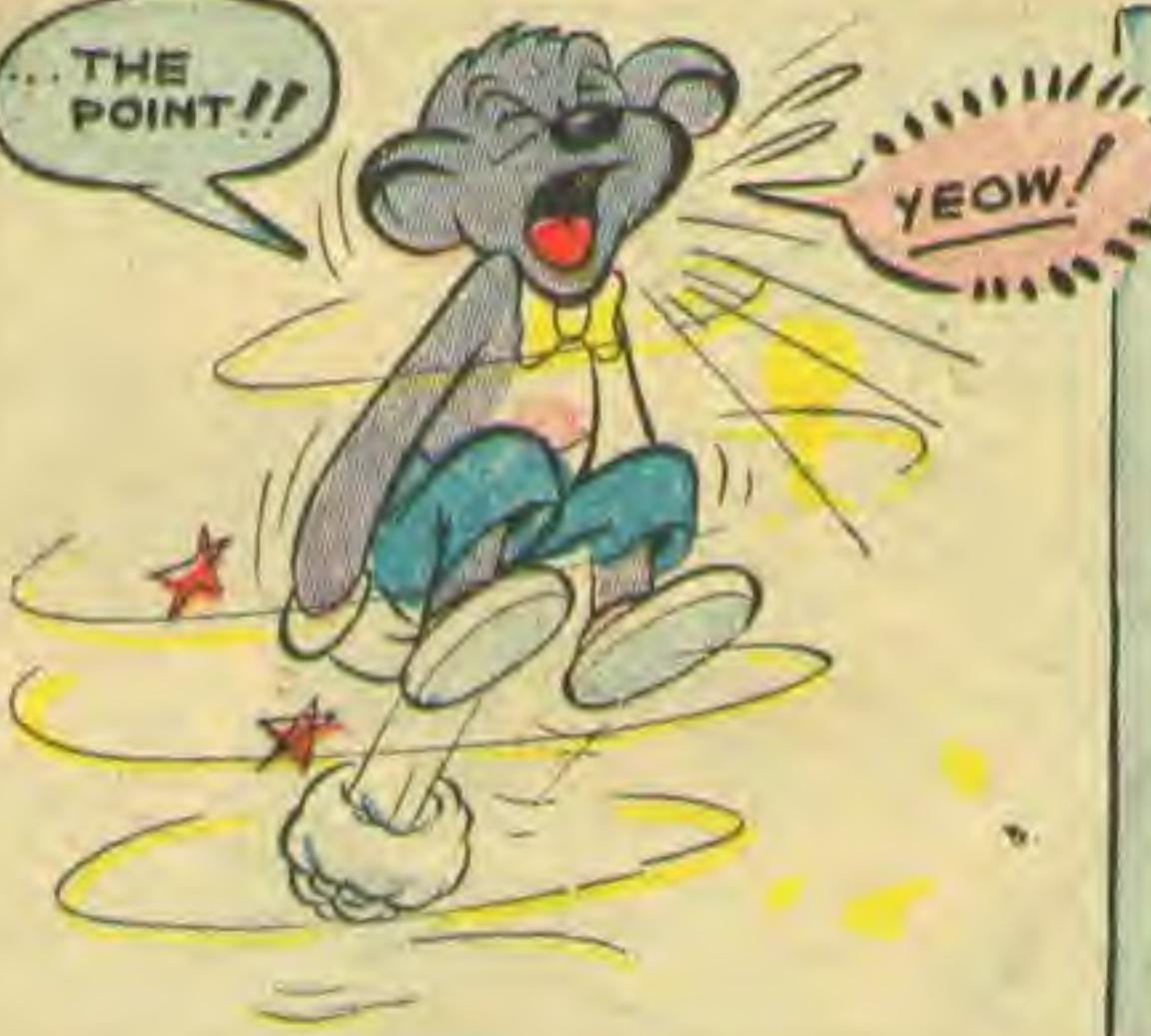
DIDN'T GET



THE
POINT!!

YEOW!

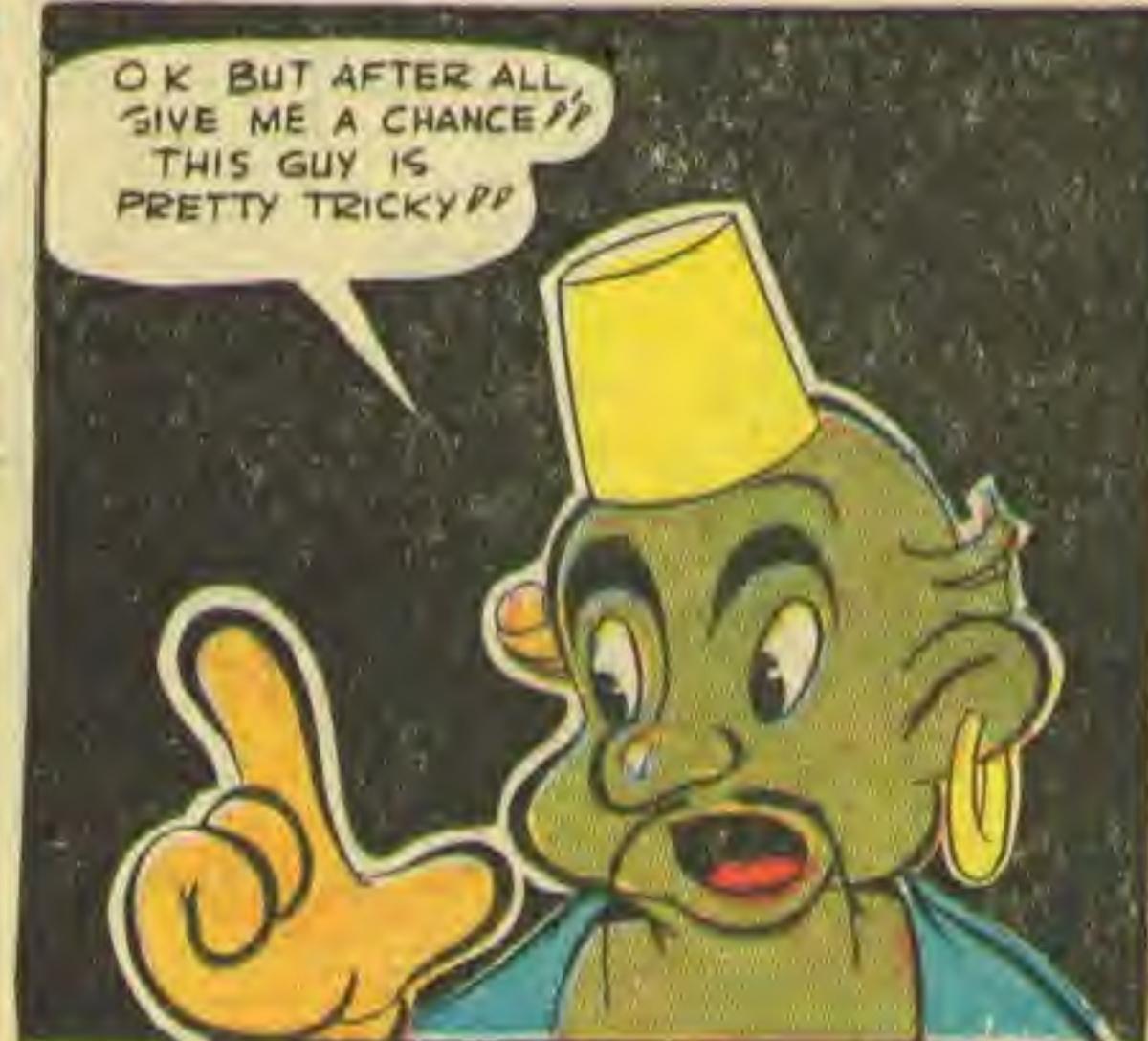
HO! HO!
BUT YOU
GET THE
POINT NOW!!
HO! HO!

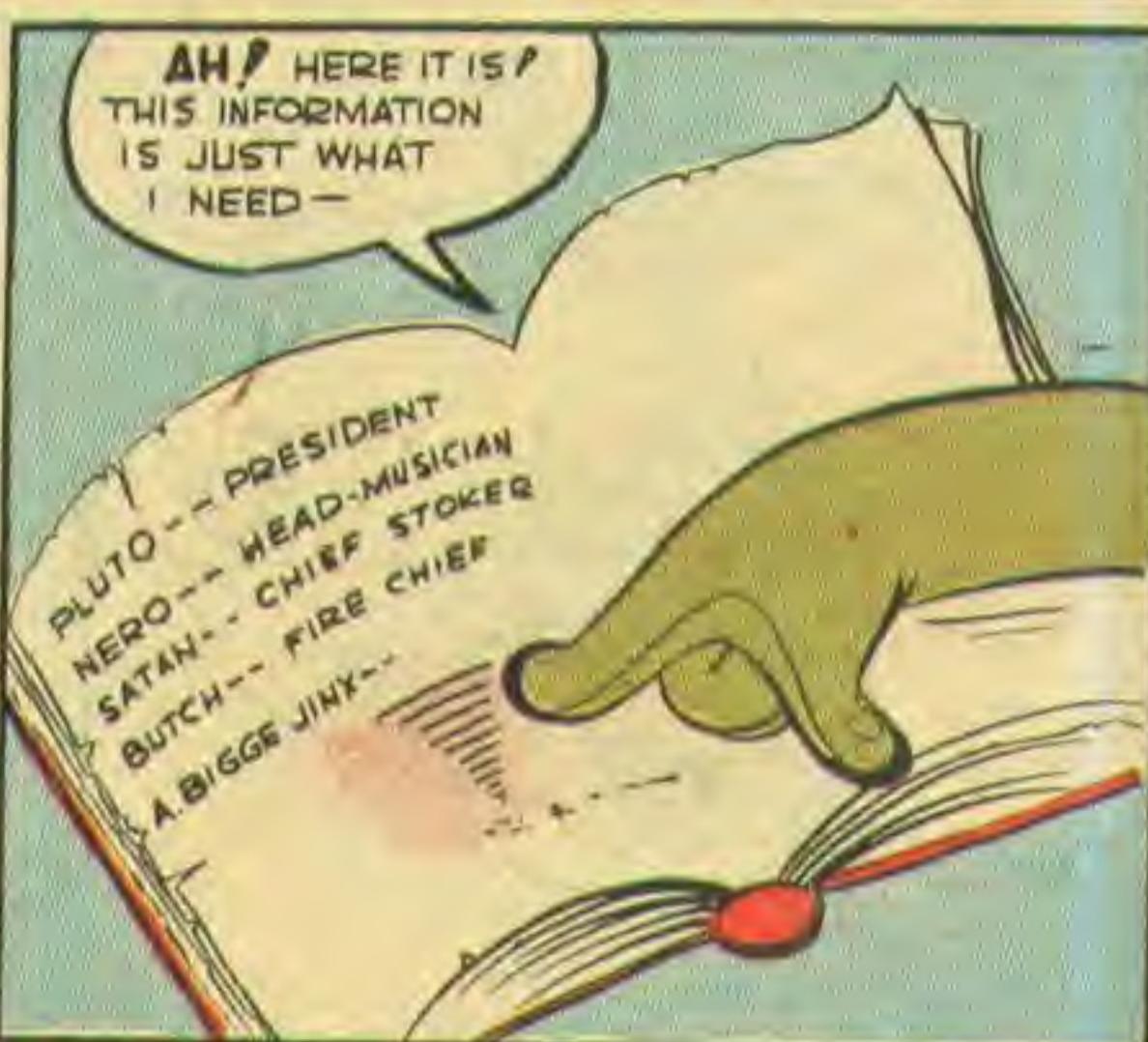
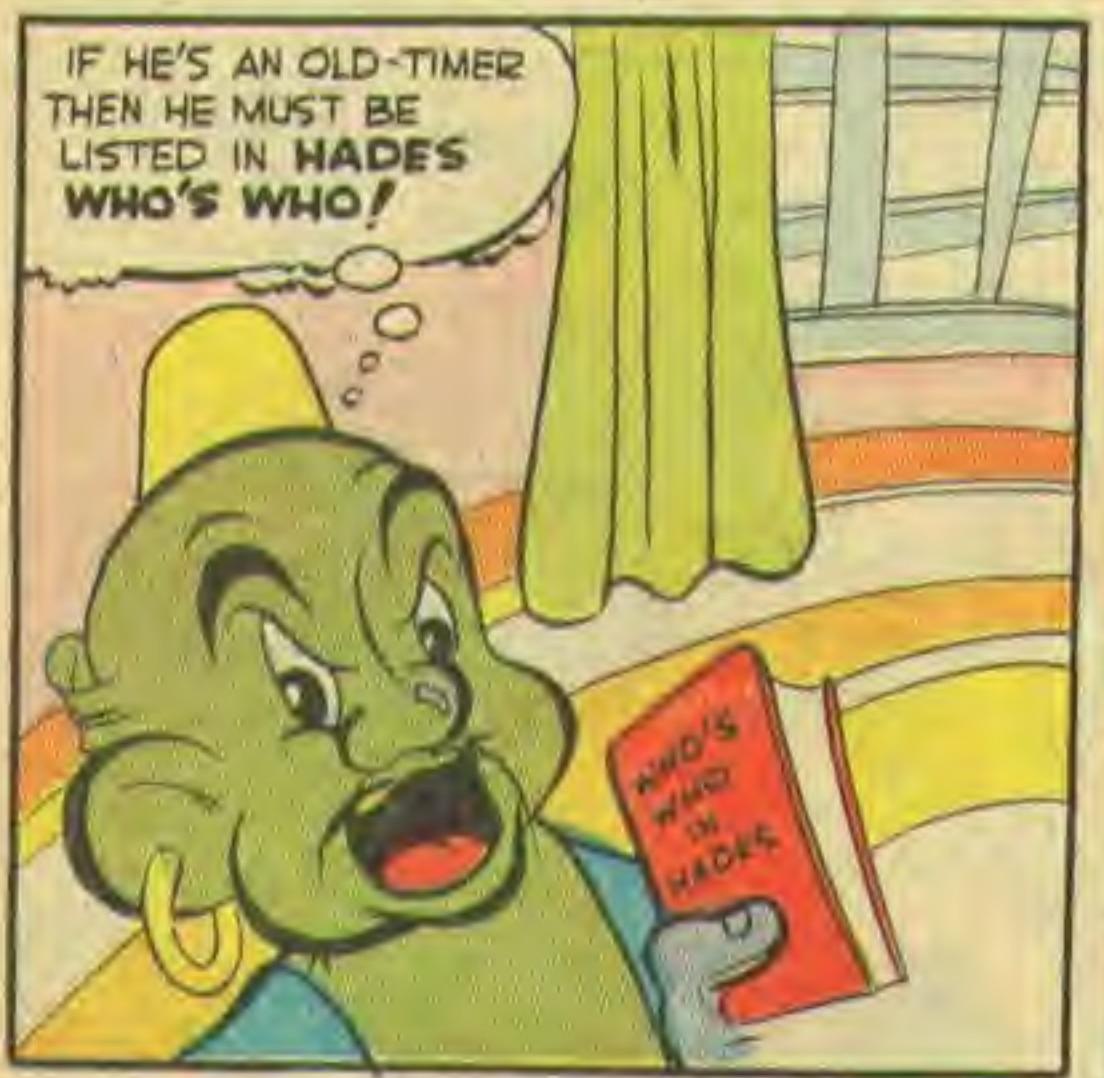


WHAT KIND OF GENIE
ARE YOU, ANYWAY??
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO
PROTECT YOUR
MASTER!! NOW GET
BUSY AND STOP
THAT GUY!!



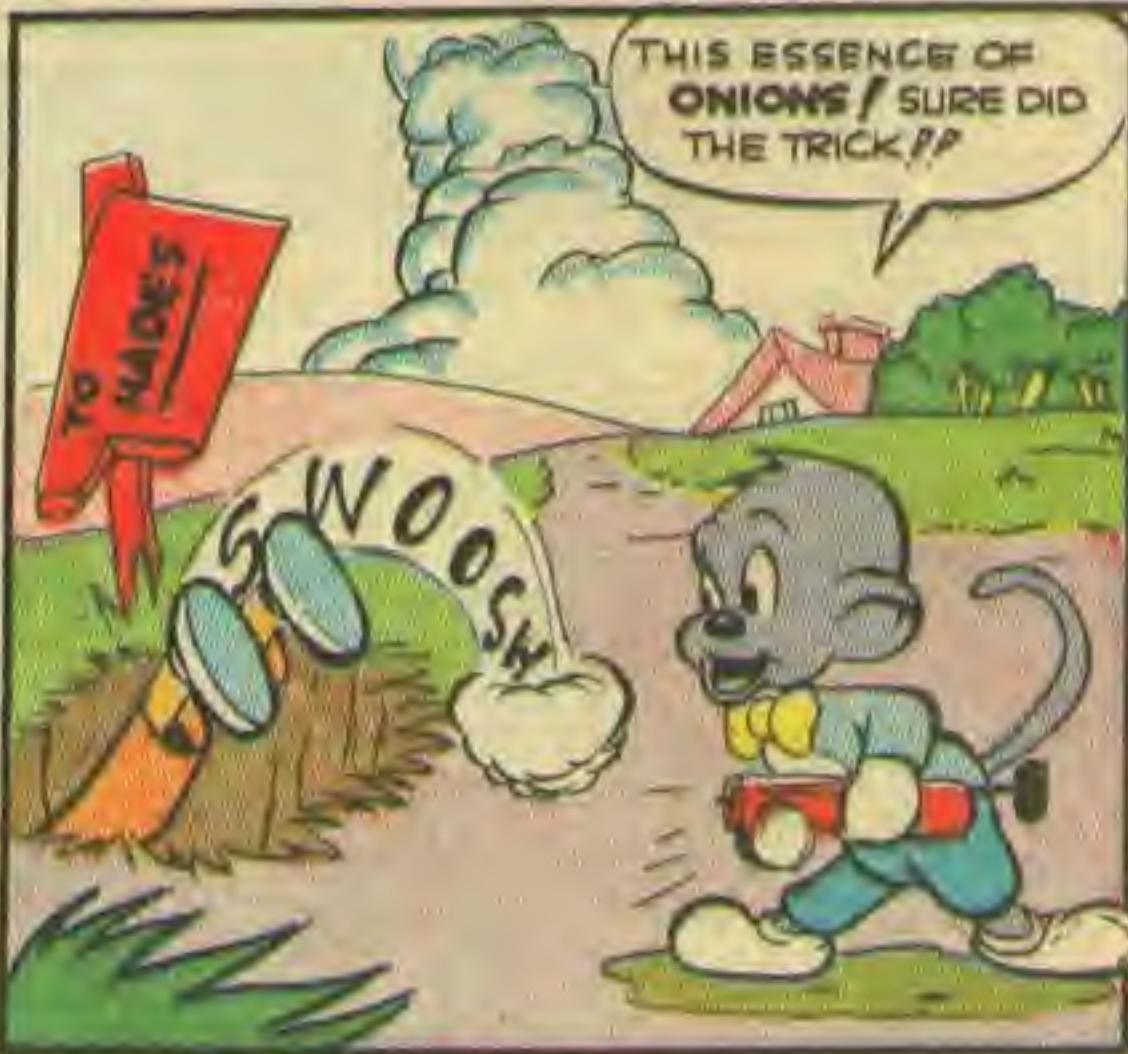
OK BUT AFTER ALL,
GIVE ME A CHANCE!!
THIS GUY IS
PRETTY TRICKY!!



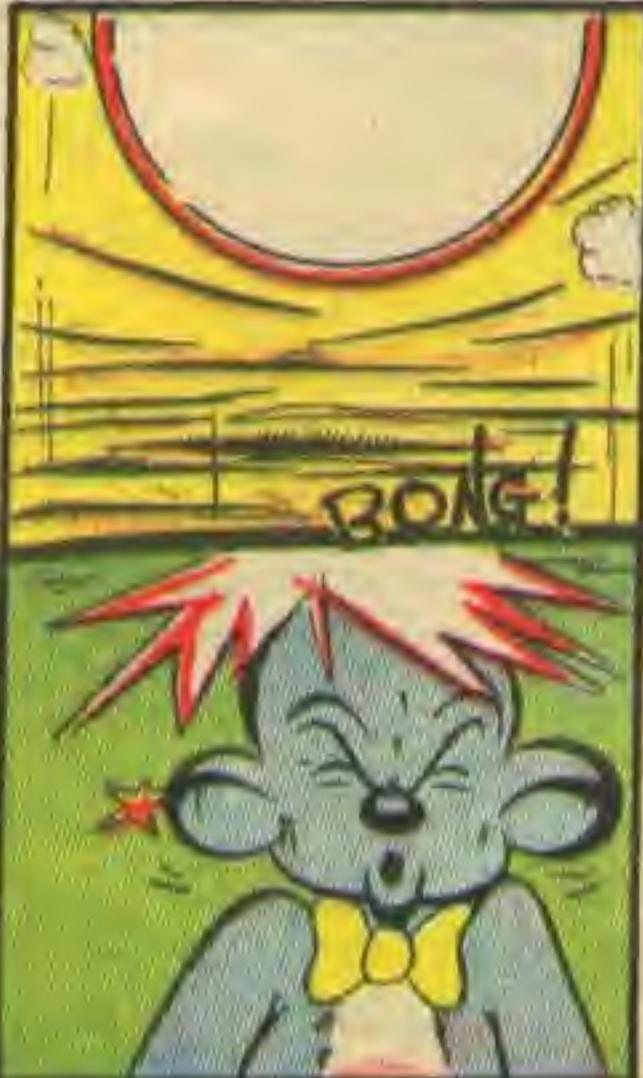


ONION SOUP!!

YEOW! ONIONS!
THE ONE THING I
CAN'T STAND!!

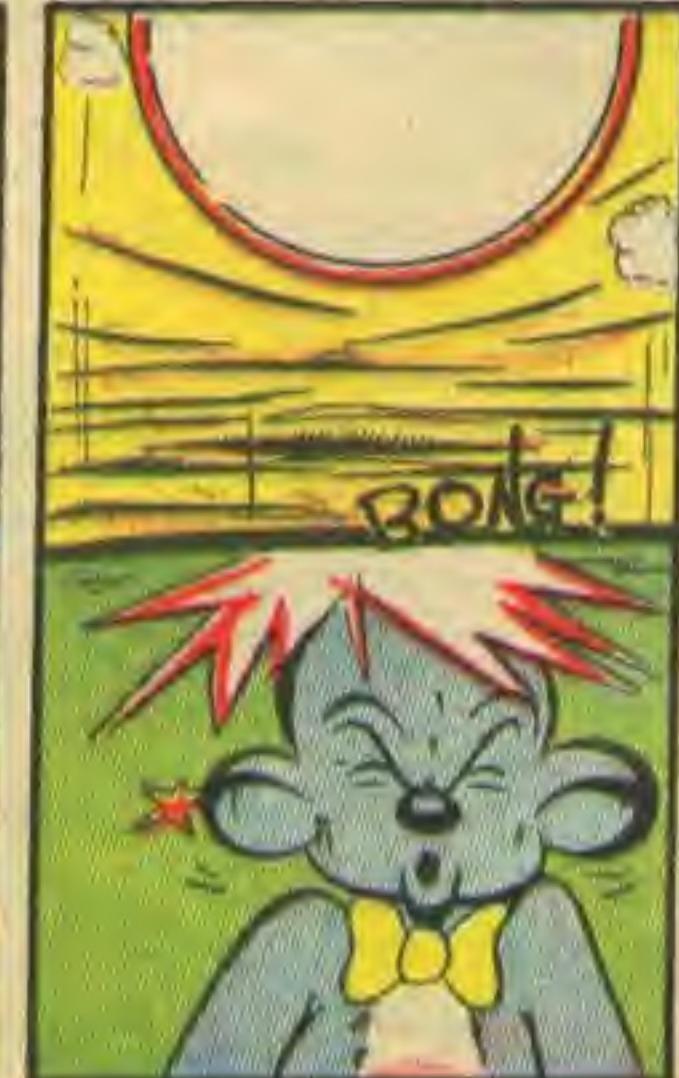


WELL GENIE — I
SURE TOOK CARE
OF THAT GUY! NO
MORE HARD LUCK
FOR ME!



THE
END

GULP!
I HAD TO
OPEN MY MOUTH!



PEP COMICS

IS NEVER SATISFIED!!

PEP GAVE YOU THE MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN THE HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS, A CHARACTER WHO HAS SOARED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN POPULARITY - **THE HANGMAN**



PEP REFUSED TO REST ON ITS LAURELS. IT REFUSED TO STAY IN THE SAME RUT MONTH AFTER MONTH. IT LOOKED FOR SOMETHING FRESH. AND SO IT GAVE YOU - **THE NEW SHIELD**

PEP ALWAYS SENSITIVE TO POPULAR DEMAND, ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GIVE ITS READERS WHAT THEY WANT - AND MORE - REALLY OUTDID ITSELF AND GAVE YOU - **ARCHIE**

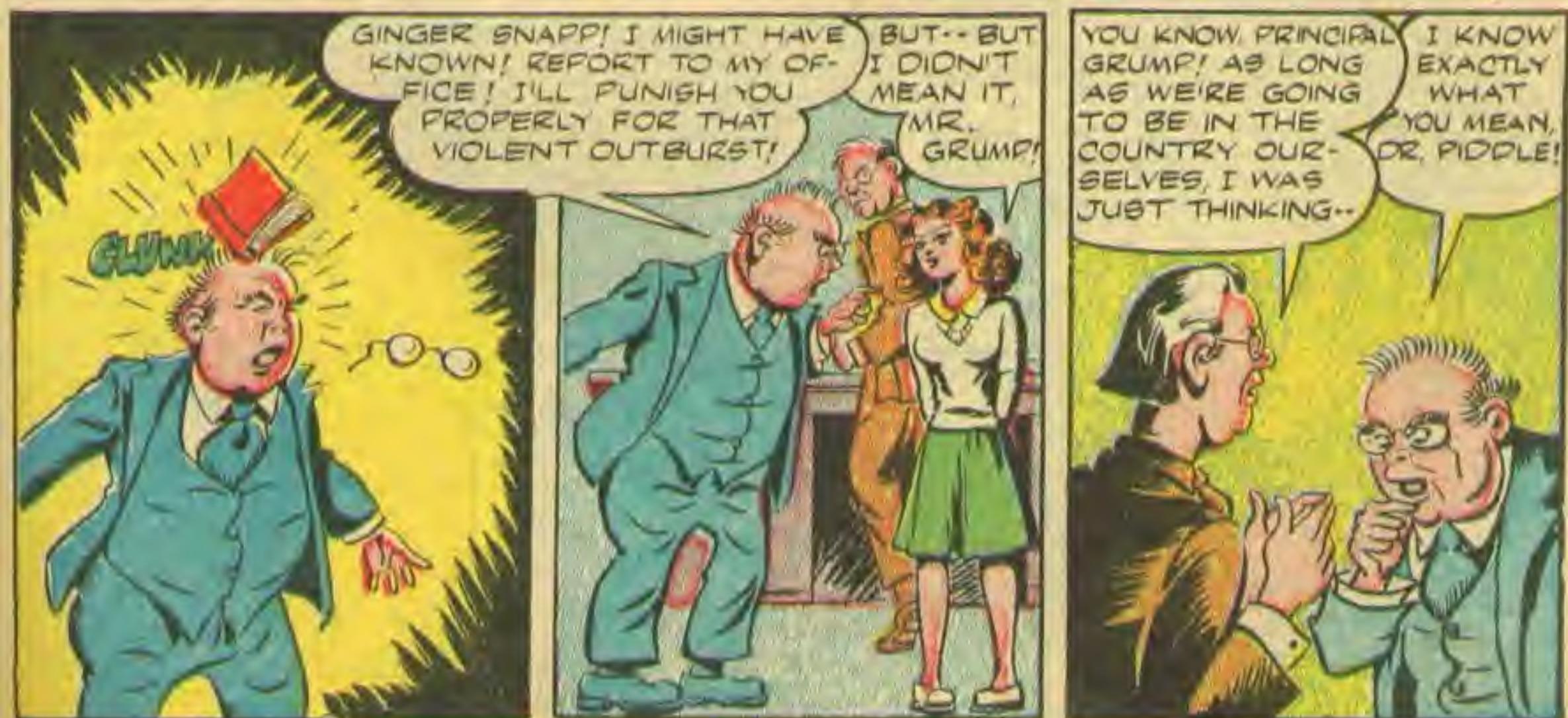
NOW THE NEWEST PEP INTRODUCES ITS LATEST IN THE
HIT PARADE!

- ① **MARCO LOCO** - THE SCREWBALL ADVENTURER EXTRAORDINARY
- ② **LIL CHIEF BUGABOO** - THE FUNNIEST AND MOST ORIGINAL FEATURE IN THE COMIC WORLD!
- ③ **CATFISH JOE** - A LOVABLE, LAUGHABLE CHARACTER! DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER READ!

YOU'RE GUARANTEED YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. GET YOUR COPY OF **PEP COMICS** **TODAY!**

AN
MLJ
PUBLICATION

Ginger



IT WOULDN'T HURT
TO HAVE MY
BUTTERFLY
NET ALONG!
JUST IN
CASE--

NOT AT ALL!
AND I--AHEM--
MIGHT TAKE
MY FISHING
ROD WITH ME.
HEH---HEH--



LATER, IN PRINCIPAL GRUMP'S OFFICE

GOLLY! EVERY TIME I GET
IN TROUBLE WITH
GRUMP HE MAKES
ME CLEAN HIS
OFFICE!



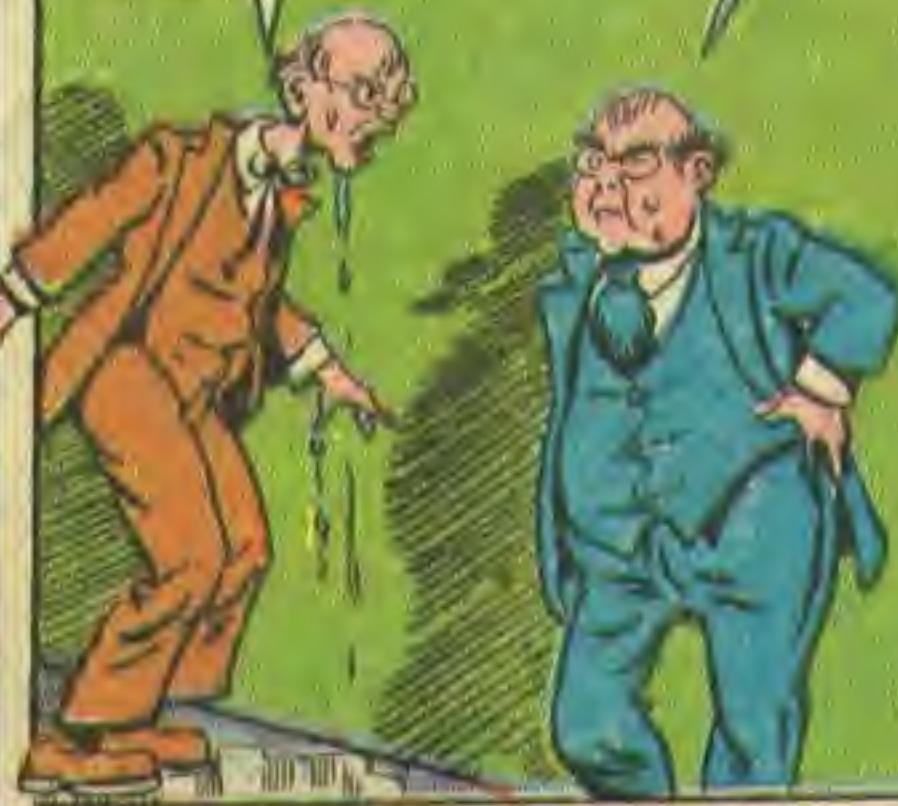
(SIGH) FINISHED, AT
LAST--Ooo... MY
BACK! I'M TOO
TIRED TO LUG
THIS PAIL TO
THE WASH-
ROOM TO
DUMP
THE
WATER!

HMM--
THE
WINDOW!



THAT WATER CAME
FROM YOUR
WINDOW, MR.
GRUMP!

YEE!-- AND
I THINK I
KNOW WHO
THREW IT!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THAT SETTLES IT.
GINGER! YOU'RE
NOT COMING TO
MIDDLETON
WITH US!

OH--
MR. GRUMP!



THE OLD MEANIE! AND
I SO WANTED TO DO
MY SHARE HELPING
THE FARMERS! THAT
SOURPUSS IS A
SABOTEUR,
THAT'S WHAT!



YEEOW! WHY
DIDN'T I THINK
OF IT BE-
FORE! AUNT
MATILDA
LIVES IN
MIDDLETON!
GRUMP CAN'T
STOP ME
FROM VISIT-
ING HER!



AND SO THE MORNING OF THE OUTING FINDS PRINCIPAL GRUMP AND HIS STUDENTS AT MIDDLETON...

RECKON YOU MUST BE THE FOLKS FROM THE HIGH SHOOL!

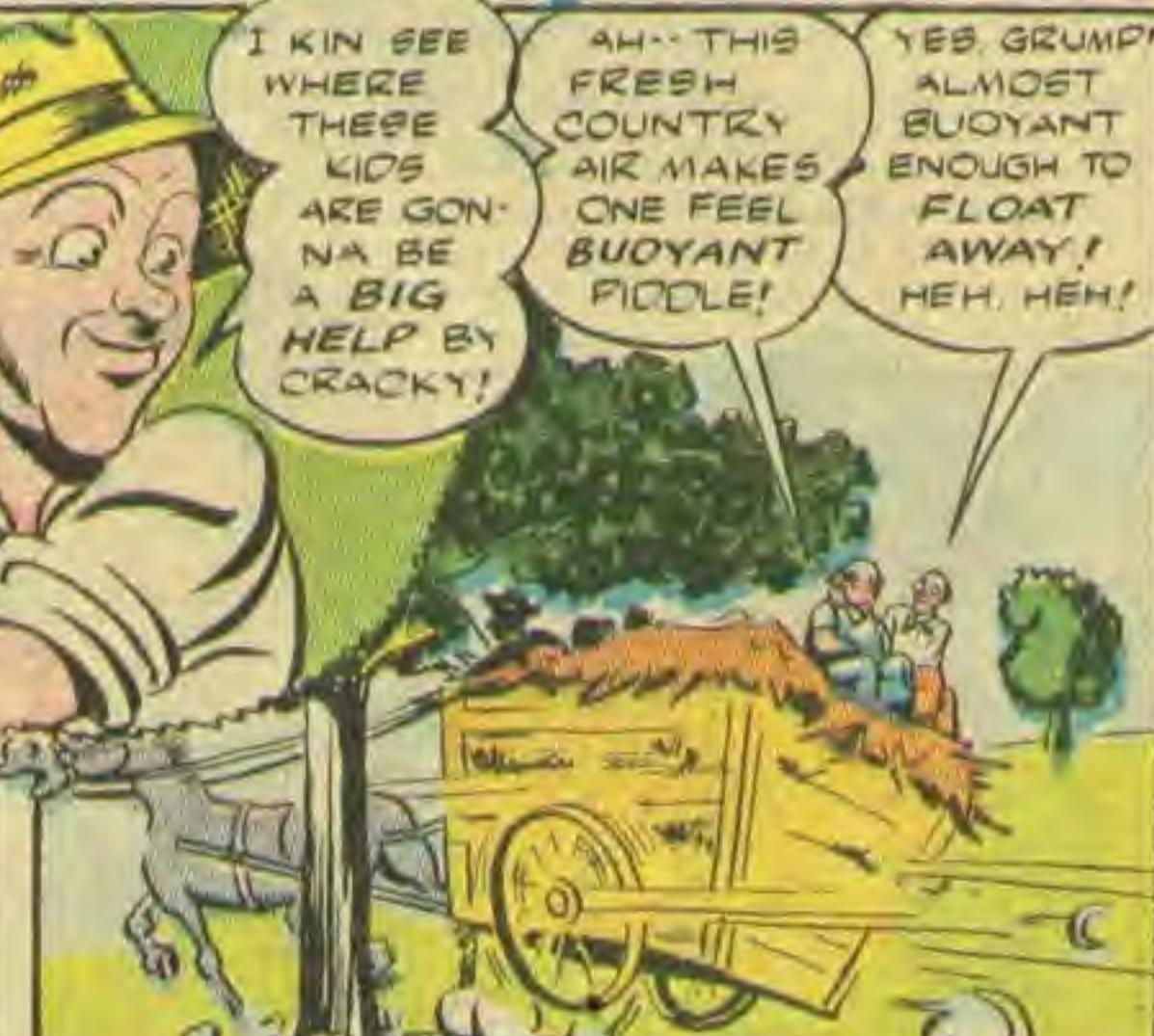
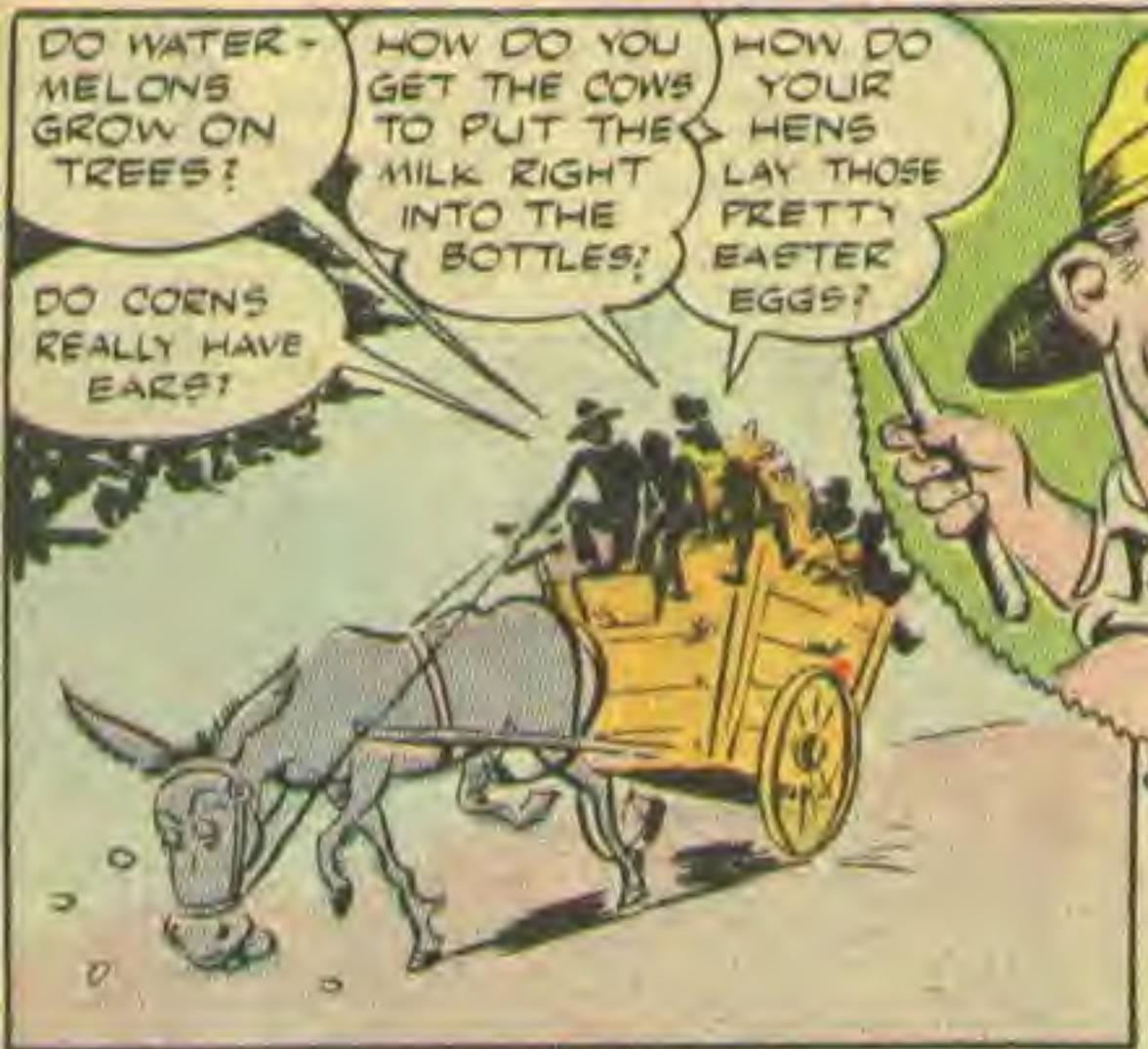
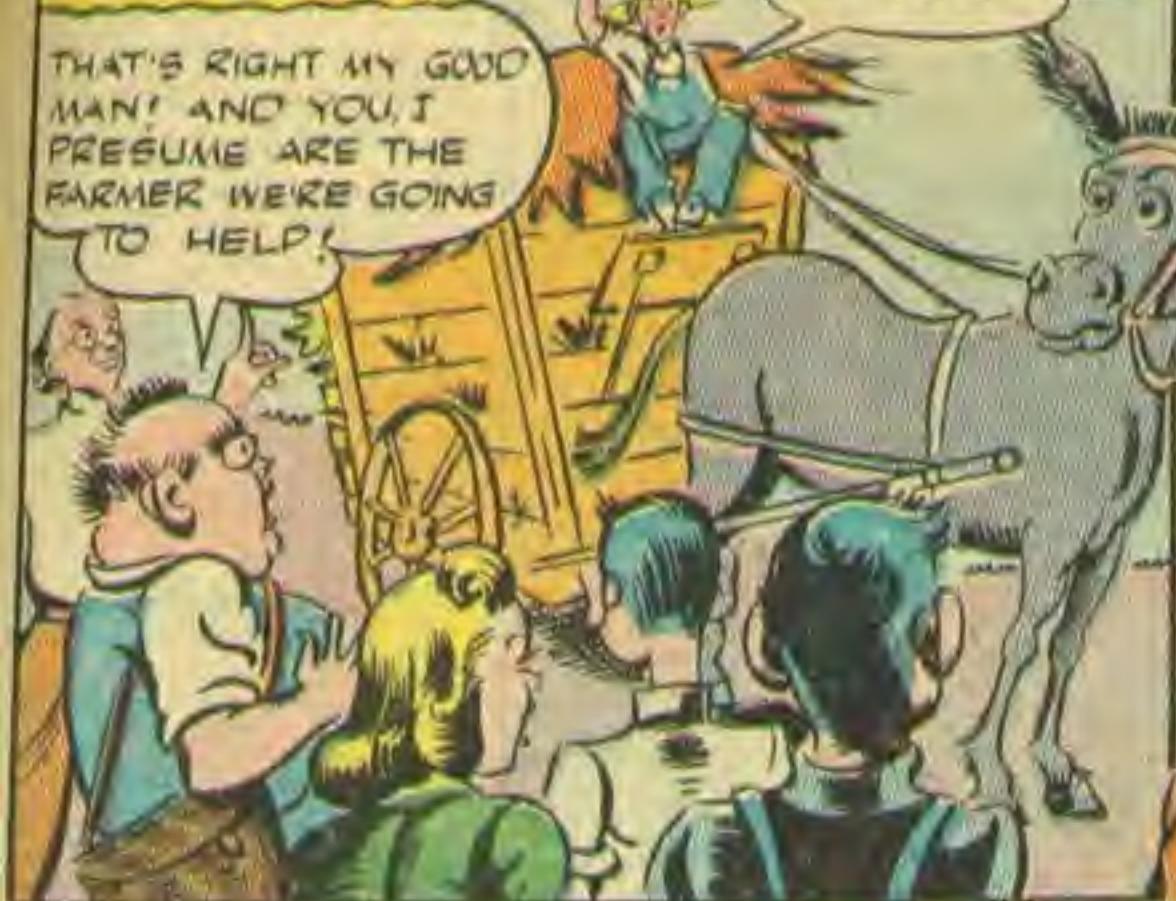
THAT'S RIGHT MY GOOD MAN! AND YOU, I PRESUME ARE THE FARMER WE'RE GOING TO HELP!

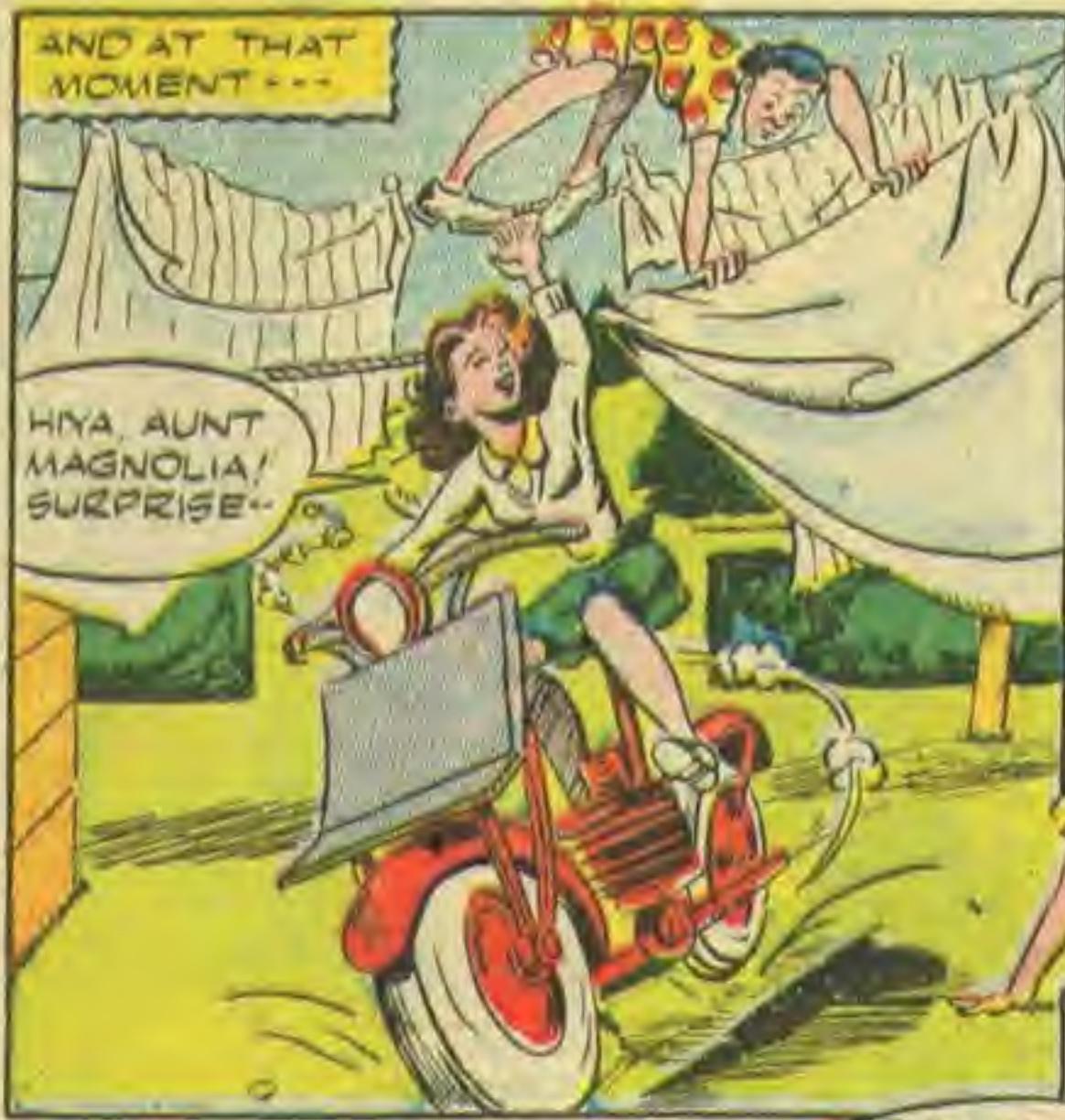
YOU KNOW GRUMP I'M BEGINNING TO ENJOY THIS WITH-OUT GINGER!

YES! SHE DOES MAKE THINGS UNCOM-FORTABLE, PIDDLE!

I BET IT'S LOADS OF FUN BEING A FARMER!

NO SCHOOL! FISHING ALL DAY!

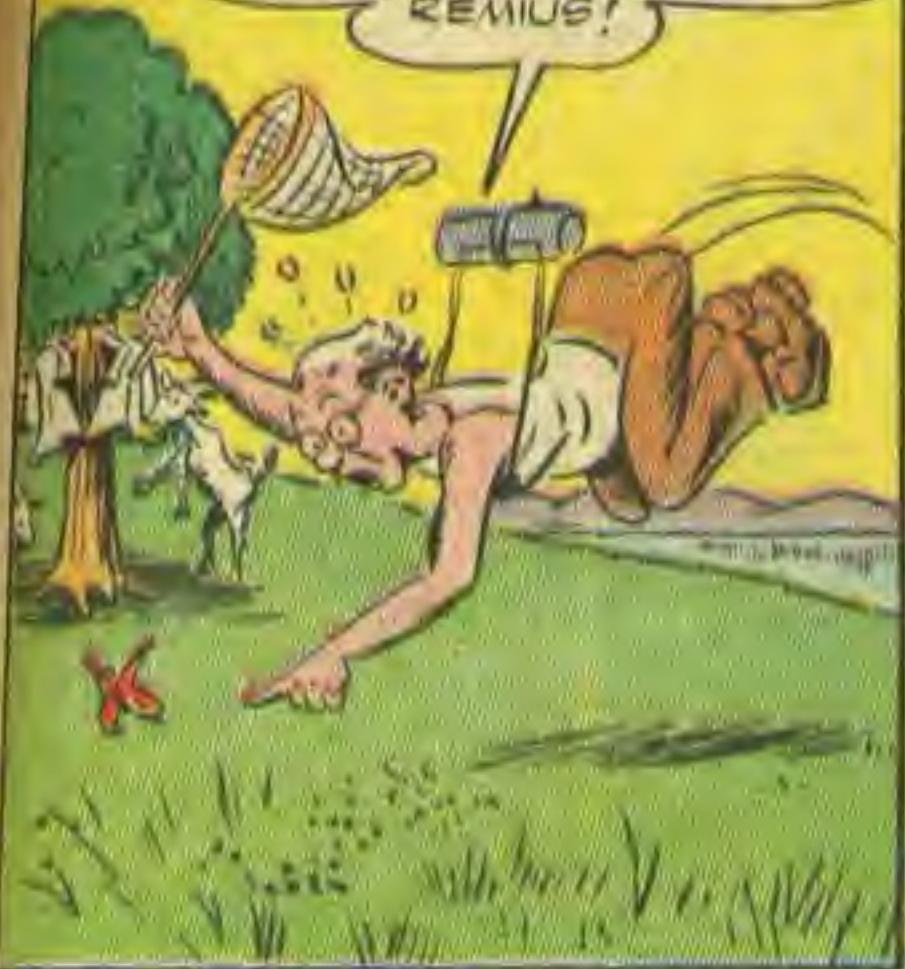




AH--JUST AS I THOUGHT!
A NOSTALGIUS POLY-
REMUS!

GOT YOU NOW, MY
SAVAGE BEAUTY!
WHA--

YEE OOW!
WASPS!



WE CAN'T STAY
HERE LIKE THIS--
WATCH OUT,
YOU CLUMSY
IDIOT! MY
GLASSES!

LOOK, GRUMP!
THERE'S A
FARMHOUSE
UP AHEAD!

FARM-
HOUSE!
WHAT
FARM-
HOUSE?

GOOD LORD!
ARE YOU BLIND--
OH I FORGOT--YOUR
GLASSES! JUST FOLLOW
ME--AND BE
CAREFUL OF THAT
PIG-PEN!

WHAT'S THAT AUNTY?
SOMEBODY'S AT
MY PIGS--
PROBABLY
TRAMPS!

UNK UNK



I'LL TEACH YOU PESKY
THIEVES TO STAY AWAY
FROM MY FARM!

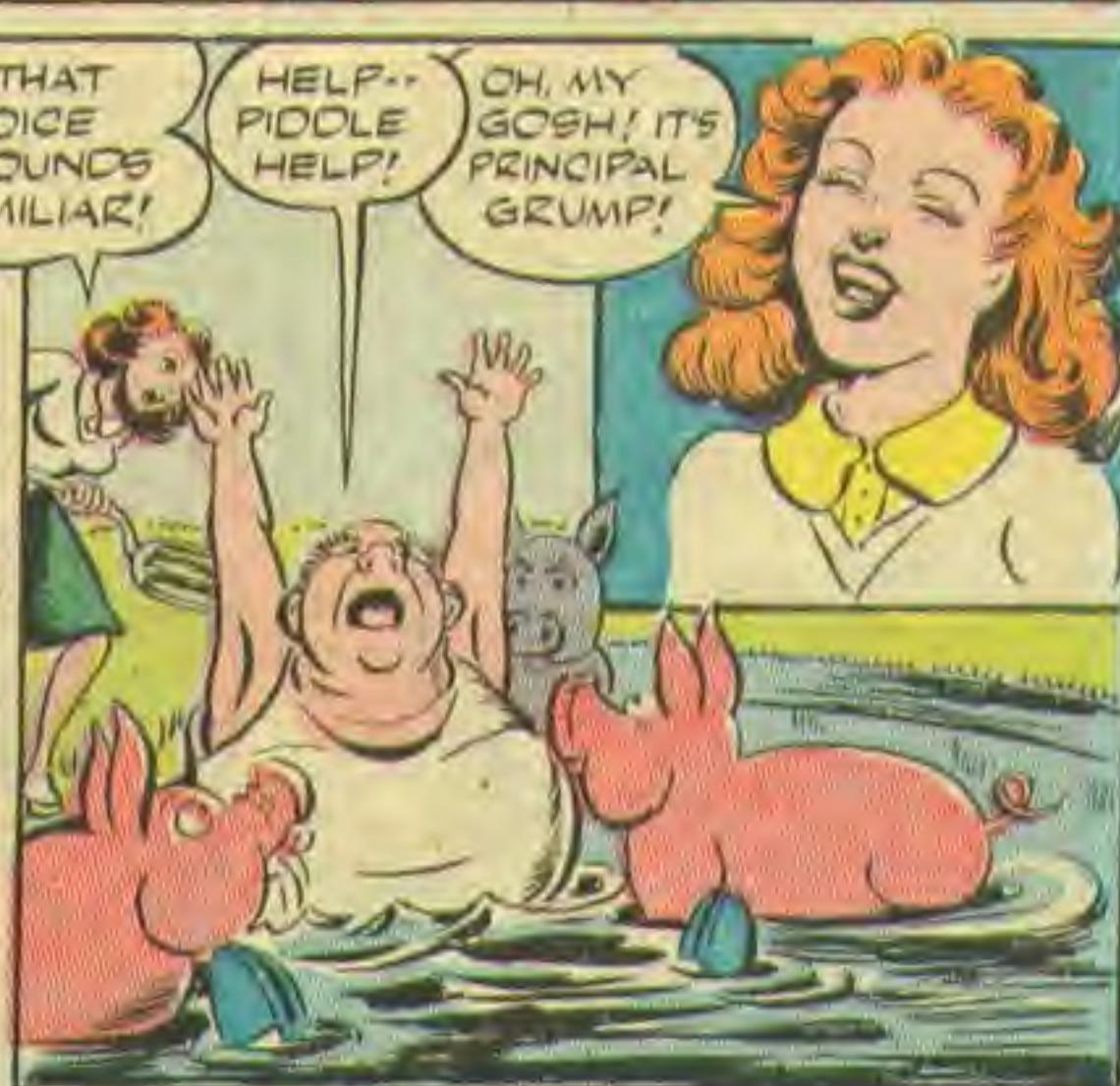
I'LL GET THE
OTHER ONE,
AUNTY!

THAT
VOICE
SOUNDS
FAMILIAR!

HELP--
PIDDLE
HELP!

OH, MY
GOSH! IT'S
PRINCIPAL
GRUMP!

BUT MADAM--
MMMF--
GLUG--



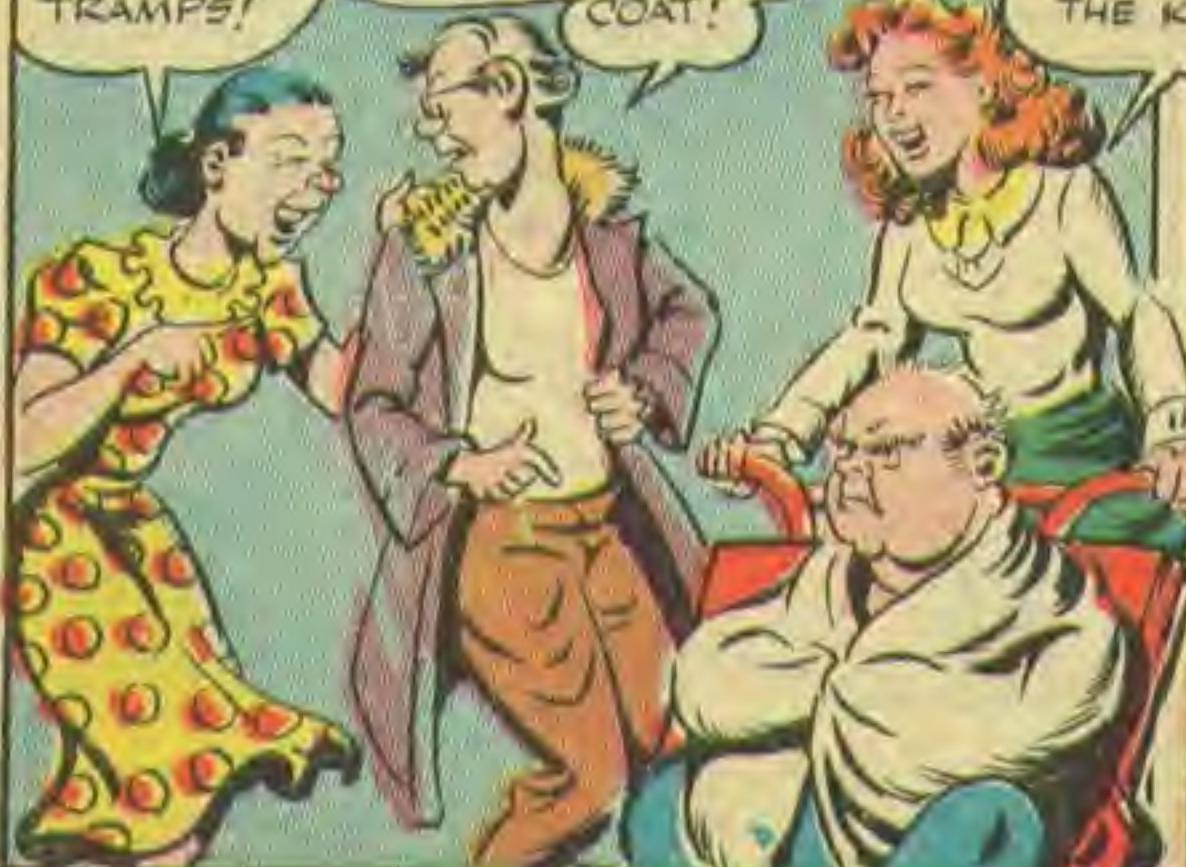
HA, HA, HA--
IMAGINE
MISTAKING
YOU FOR
TRAMPS!

YES, YES, VERY FUN-
NY, I'M SURE! IT'S VERY
KIND OF YOU TO
LEND ME YOUR
COAT!

COME ON, PROF PIDDE
AND PRINCIPAL GRUMP.
I'LL TAKE YOU TO
THE REST OF
THE KIDS!

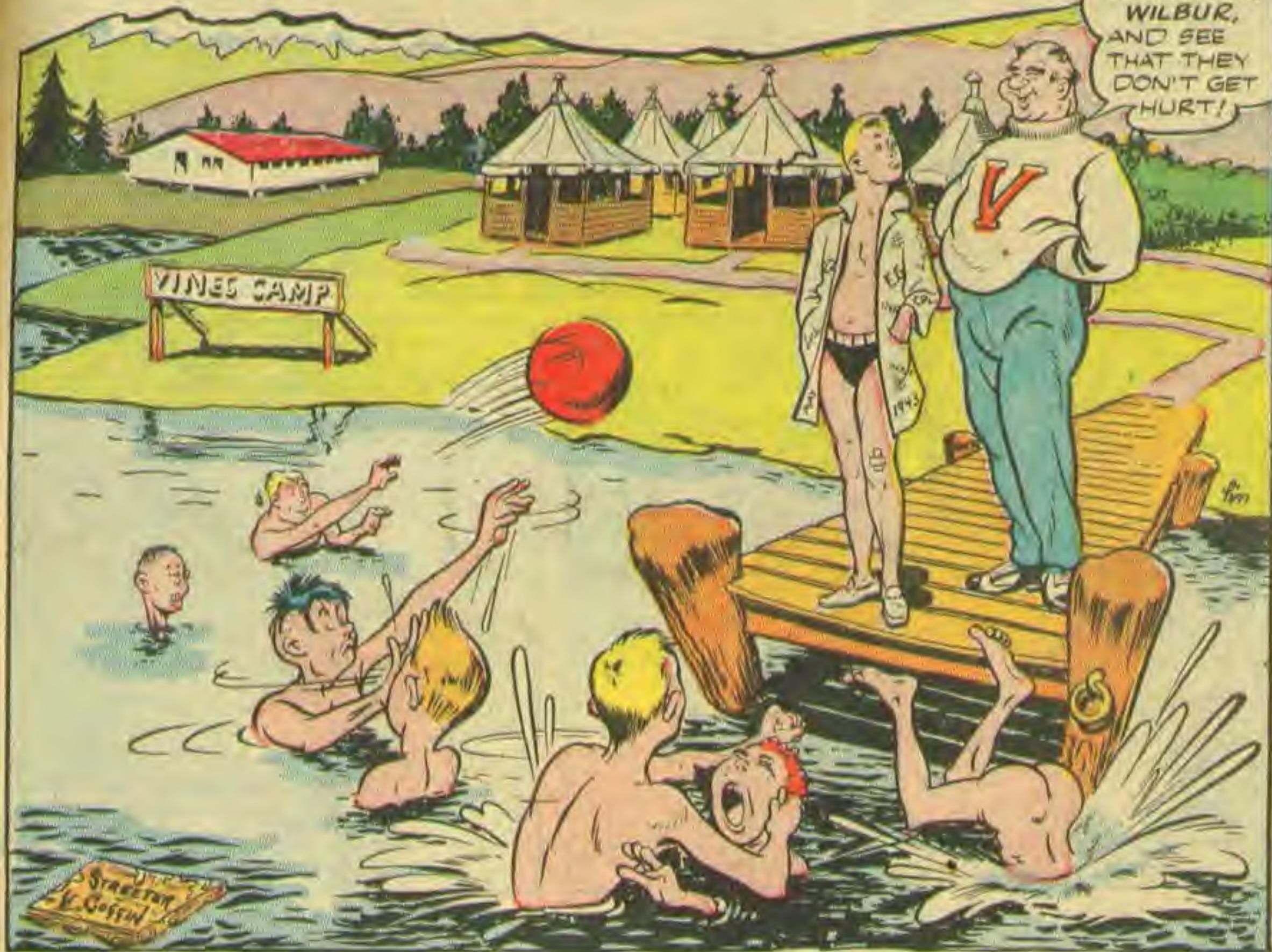
WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE
SAYING ABOUT ME AL-
WAYS GETTING INTO
TROUBLE, PRINCIPAL
GRUMP?

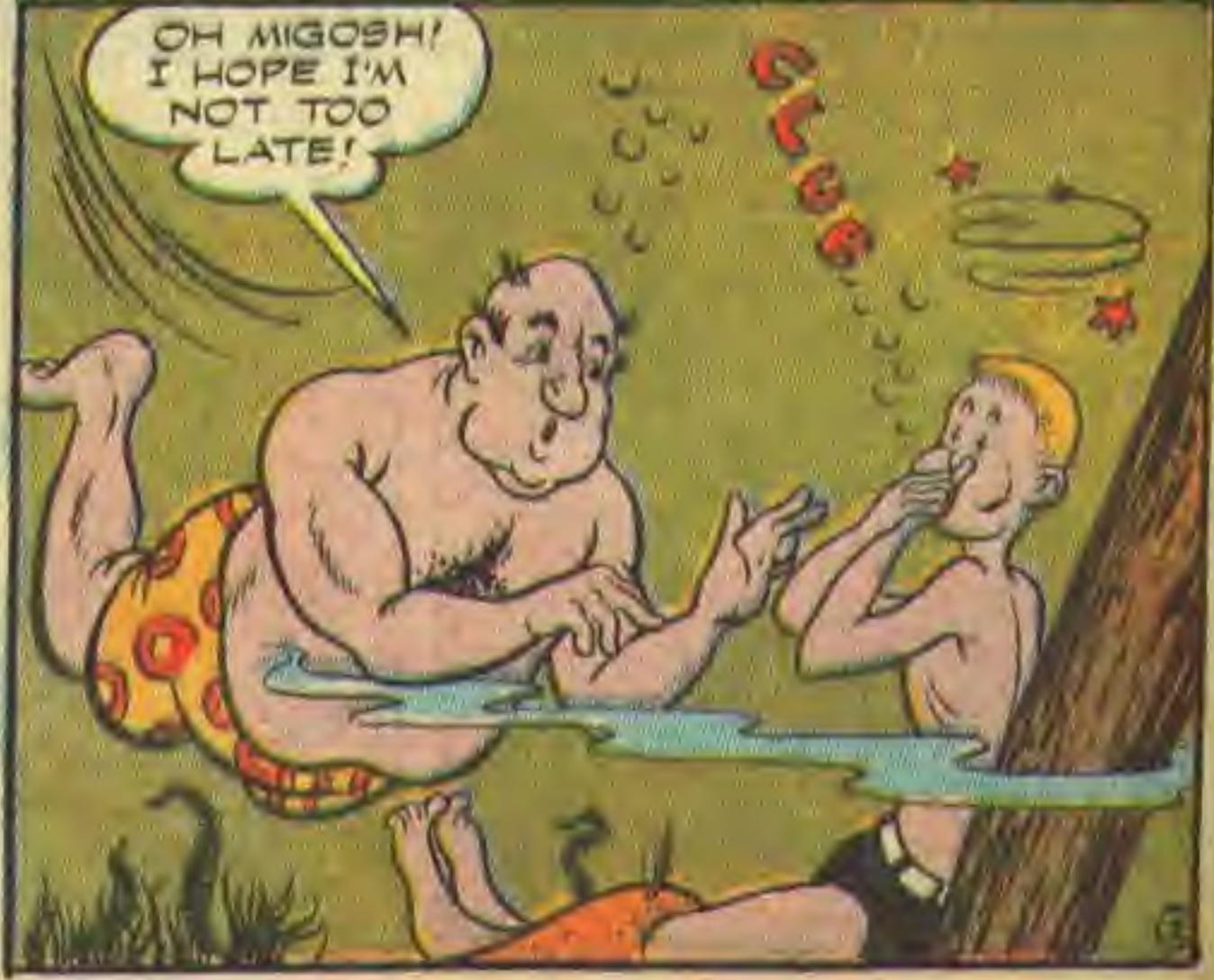
ER--AH--
LET'S NOT
GO INTO
THAT,
GINGER!



WILBUR

BETTER GET INTO THE WATER WITH THE BOYS COUNCILOR WILBUR, AND SEE THAT THEY DON'T GET HURT!





QUICK! HELP
ME GET HIM
UP ON SHORE!

ONE, TWO, THREE---
I THINK HE'S
COMING AROUND!
WILBUR, SPEAK
TO ME!

DID I HURT
THE KIDS,
MR. SMUDGE?

LATER
WHAT'S NEXT ON
THE CAMP AC-
TIVITY LIST,
MR. SMUDGE?

WELL, I SEE BY
YOUR SWEATER
YOU'RE A
VARSITY
MAN--

SO TEACH THE BOYS
SOME FOOTBALL! BUT
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE
BE CAREFUL!

Y-YES
SIR!

MAYBE I
SHOULD HAVE
TOLD MR. SMUDGE
I WON MY
LETTER IN
CHESS!

WATCH IT CLOSELY
FELLOWS! THIS IS HOW
TO SIDE STEP AND GIVE
A STRAIGHT ARM!



I GUESS THE KIDS
ARE IN GOOD
HANDS! I'LL GO
OVER AND SAY
HELLO TO THAT
PRETTY CAMP
DIRECTOR!



NOW WILL ONE
OF YOU BOYS
TRY TO TACKEE
ME!

ER-NO-LET'S GIVE
THAT LITTLE FELLOW
A CHANCE!

I'LL TRY,
COUNCILOR
WILBUR!



LET'S GO! NOW WATCH
HOW I STICK OUT MY
RIGHT ARM AND---



--- SIDE STEP HIM ---
OOF!



DID I DO
IT RIGHT
WILBUR?



UH-- NOW I'LL TEACH
YOU HOW TO PASS!
RUN OUT, SKEETS!



AND REMEMBER IF
THE BALL IS IN-
TERCEPTED TACKLE
AND ASK QUESTIONS
AFTERWARD!



LET
'ER
GO!

WOW!
SOME
PASS!

OOPS!
TOO
HIGH!



ZIP!

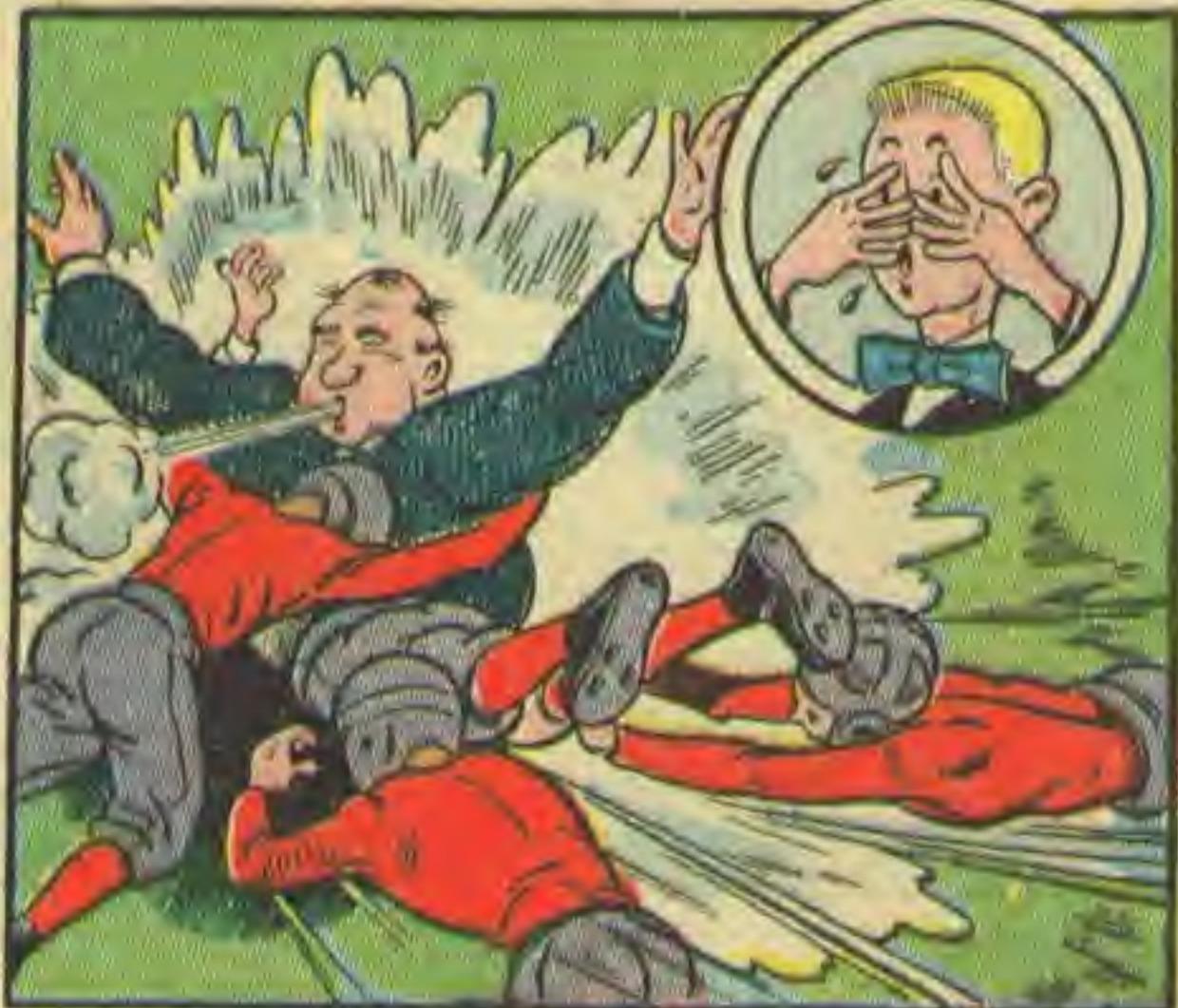


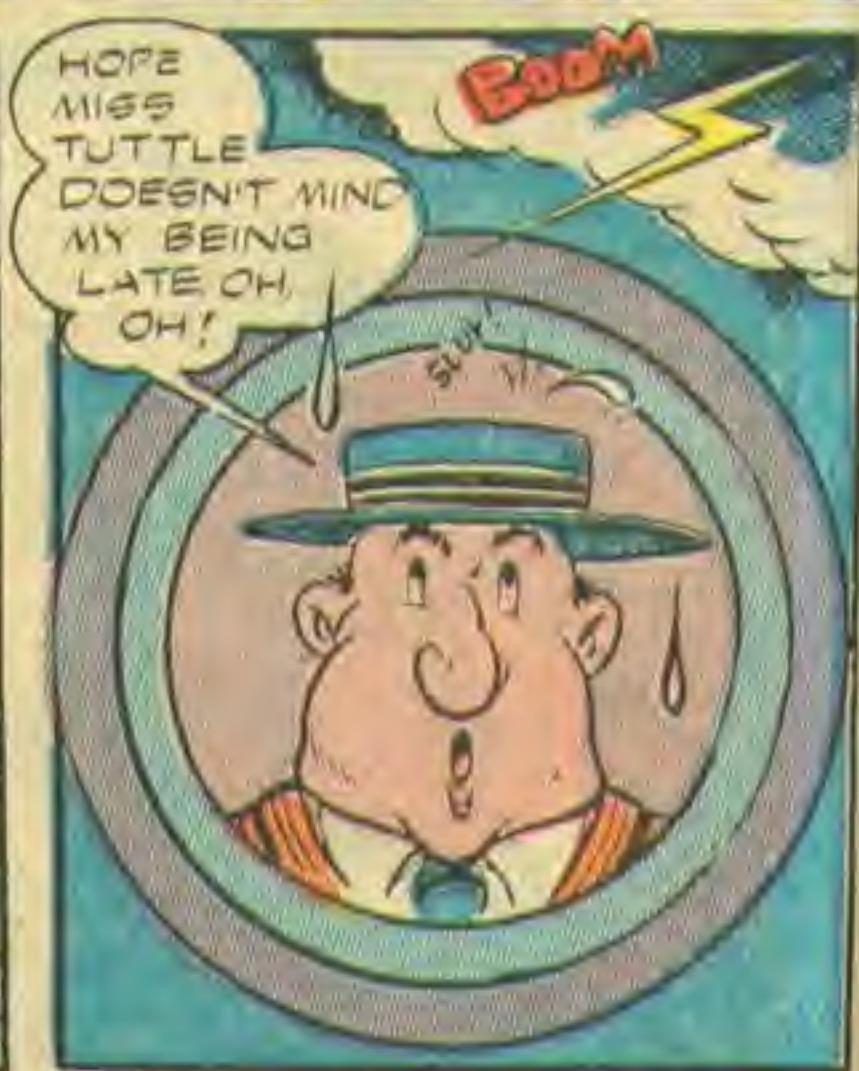
HEY!



SPLASH!







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